

The Sketch

No. 798.—Vol. LXII.

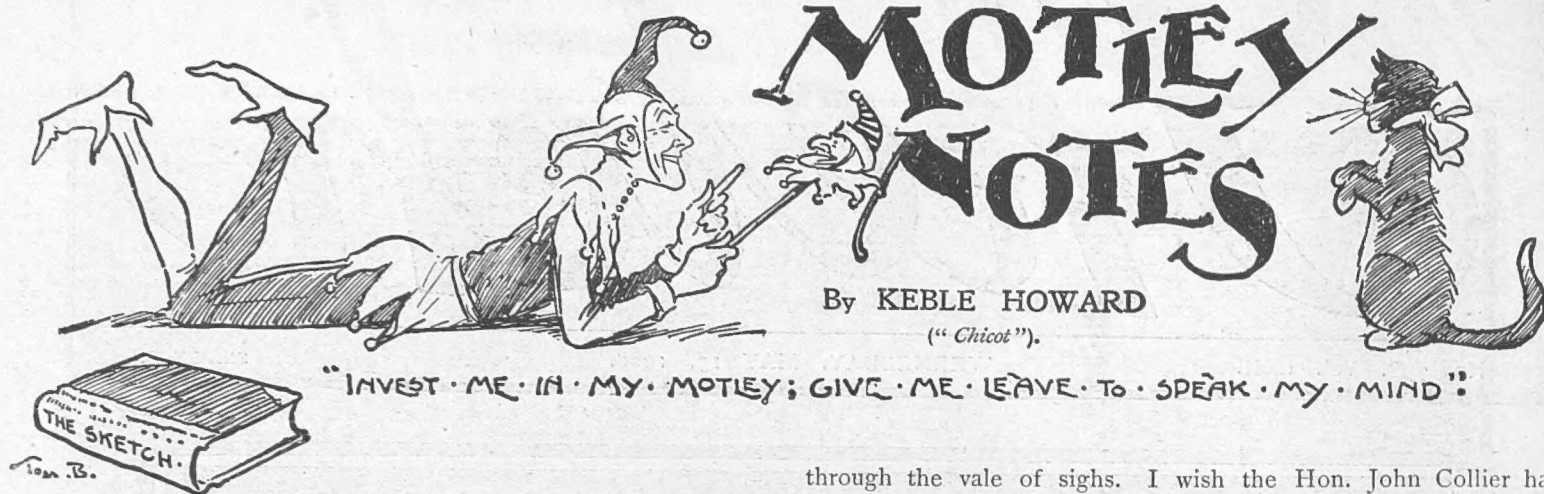
WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



THE SINGER WHO HAS MADE LONDON "EPILEPTIC": MME. TETRAZZINI.

Mme. Tetrazzini continues her all-conquering career, and is arousing extraordinary enthusiasm at Covent Garden, outside which people begin to wait in the early morning on "Tetrazzini nights." Meantime, one of the Paris "Temps" critics, writing from London, says that he finds it difficult to understand the "epileptic enthusiasm" of the London public for Mme. Tetrazzini. He argues that while, of course, she is an admirable singer, he personally cannot see why she should be so exalted.—(Photograph by E. F. Foley.)



"Friend the Reader."

To the writer, nothing is more delightful than the thought that his readers look upon him as a living, sympathetic personality. That, friend the reader, is why I love to address you as "friend the reader." I know that you do not resent the inference, for my letter-bag, especially at Christmas time, brings the pleasant phrase back to me in many hand-writings. And, indeed, have we not written to each other privately on scores of intimate subjects? Tell me, now, why the term should cause annoyance to certain of my brother-writers? In the number of *Punch* current as I write, the satirical lash is applied to my poor back on account of this very epithet. Nor is this the first time that the virile, slashing humourists of that journal have reprimanded me, in their firework style, for daring to presume that you, friend the reader, are indeed my friend. Another writer, not so long ago, was so mightily incensed by the constant appearance of the phrase on this page that he threatened me with bodily violence if I ever ventured, friend the reader, to use it again. The most diffident of beings, it has occurred to me that you, too, may deem it an impertinence on my part to hail you as friend. If this be true, a word will be sufficient to silence me. Friend the reader, have you the heart to send that word?

Pity the Short-Legged!

In the meantime, let me heap coals of fire on the heads of my detractors by pleading, as earnestly as in me lies, for the short-legged. I will admit that hitherto I have regarded the short-legged as people a good deal to be envied. They seem so satisfied with life, and their own share in it, that we long-legged ones may be excused for passing them with a sigh of envy. Listen, however, to this cry from the (comparative) underworld—"Will you, dear friend Chicot, agitate for footstools for passengers in railway-carriages? When journeys are long and legs are short, the fatigue is really dreadful." Will I agitate? Indeed I will! I blame myself very severely, friend the writer, for not thinking of it before. Never again will I be guilty of envying the deceptive complacency of the man with the dangling leg. "The fatigue is really dreadful." Why, now you call my attention to the matter, I ache in sympathy with your aches. For my part, I should like the carriages widened and the seats raised a few inches; but that will not prevent me from calling upon the railway companies, here and now, to provide footstools for short-legged passengers. Or they may choose to label certain carriages "SHORT-LEGGED." I leave the details of the scheme to their discretion. Good luck to you, short-legged friend the reader!

All the Jolly Fun.

You know, of course, that one of the most popular pictures in this year's Academy is the Hon. John Collier's "Sentenced to Death," which shows a nicely groomed young gentleman in the act of hearing from a melodramatic physician that he has not very long to live. I hope our younger artists will turn their attention to subjects of this nature. I look forward with eager anticipation to Frank Reynolds's "Poor Mother," in which a group of tearful urchins will be shown peering down a well; also to John Hassall's "His Bride's Bequest," wherein the distracted bridegroom is staring frantically seawards, a little shoe in one hand and a parasol in the other; also to Dudley Hardy's "The Empty Kennel," in which we shall see all that the motor-car has left of the family dog; also to Lawson Wood's "The Last Glimpse," depicting the agony of the young wife saying good-bye to her husband, about to be executed. Such subjects have been all too few of late; we need more of them to brighten the home and cheer us on our way

through the vale of sighs. I wish the Hon. John Collier had painted in a little corner bit, giving us the sunny home from which the young fellow sentenced to death was about to be torn. The crowds around the picture would certainly have been doubled. Merely a hint, Sir, for next year.

The Truth About Bachelors.

Every year, as sure as Budget Day approaches, some ass jumps up and proposes a tax on bachelors. His reason for this vindictive suggestion is not quite clear. Does he hope to goad the bachelor into matrimony by touching his pocket? I pity the woman wedded to a man who married her in order to escape a tax! Or does the brilliant ass afore-mentioned honestly think that bachelors can afford to pay an extra tax because they are better off than married men? I admit that I have heard this argument put forward. What folly! There is nobody quite so poor as the bachelor—not even the married man with a large family. The married man, whatever his income or his responsibilities, can always go to the larder and make a pretty decent meal for next to nothing. But the miserable bachelor has no larder. When he is an-hungered, he must pay through the nose for his meal either at his club or his restaurant. The married man, in short, lives scientifically. His food is bought infinitely cheaper and goes infinitely further; his clothes are brushed and mended; he never pays a bill twice or thrice over because he has lost the receipt. The bachelor lives unscientifically. He is robbed right and left; he is the prey of every footpad that lurks behinds counters. Is it for this reason that they seek to impose a tax upon his wretchedness?

A Real Chance for a Tax.

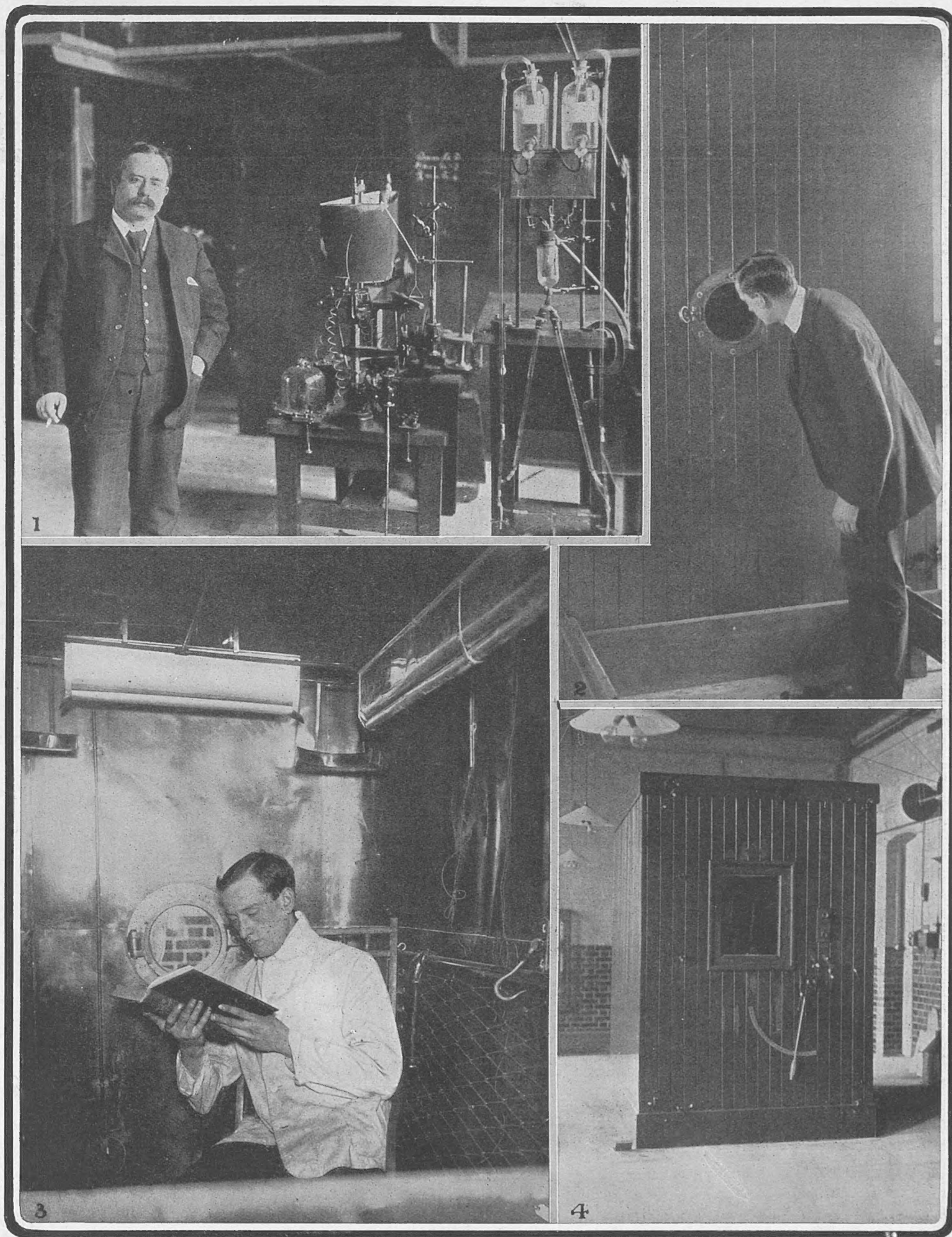
If anybody wants ideas for new schemes of taxation, I can provide him with better ones than that stale old notion. Father Vaughan has been speaking his mind very freely in the *Daily Chronicle* on the subject of degenerate books. "As a member of the social organism," he said, "I protest against this muddy stream that is poisoning the body corporate. What would be thought of the man who chose to poison the wells from which we drink, or what of him who adulterates our food? I tell you that there will be a good many more persons than you can count to care should a censor of the book-market be appointed by the State." Father Vaughan sees the evil clearly enough, but his remedy would prove ineffective. No censor could possibly deal with half the degenerate books that are slung together all the year round by "literary" vultures who batten on the carcass that their touch has polluted. Nothing will stem the stream but a tax, sufficiently heavy to absorb the greater part of the author's and publisher's profits, thus making the race fair for those writers and publishers who give the public only of their best, and the conscienceless scum of whom Father Vaughan speaks. I, too, speak as a member of the social organism, but I also speak as a professional writer battling against conditions that are obviously and grossly unjust.

Taxes While You Wait.

Whilst the Chancellor of the Exchequer is on this trail, he might also place a definite tax, per column or per thousand words, on divorce reports and murder stories in the newspapers. Then, if he has any humour in his composition, he might tax authors' gratuitous advertisements in the press. He should also levy a little tax, I think, just for the fun of the thing, on habitual speech-makers. It would not be a bad idea, again, to tax married men without families. This, I know, has often been suggested. I should not bring it forward at this late hour were it not that I am still seething with indignation over the monstrous suggestion with regard to bachelors. If only one could tax the idiot at large!

WHAT ARE THE POWERS OF COLD BEEF AND PICKLES?

THE MAN IN THE COPPER PRISON.

1. THE MACHINE THAT REGISTERS MAN'S HEAT-ENERGY:
THE CALORIMETER.2. WATCHING A "PRISONER" THROUGH A "PORT-HOLE" IN THE SIDE
OF THE CALORIMETER.

3. A SUBJECT INSIDE THE COPPER PRISON.

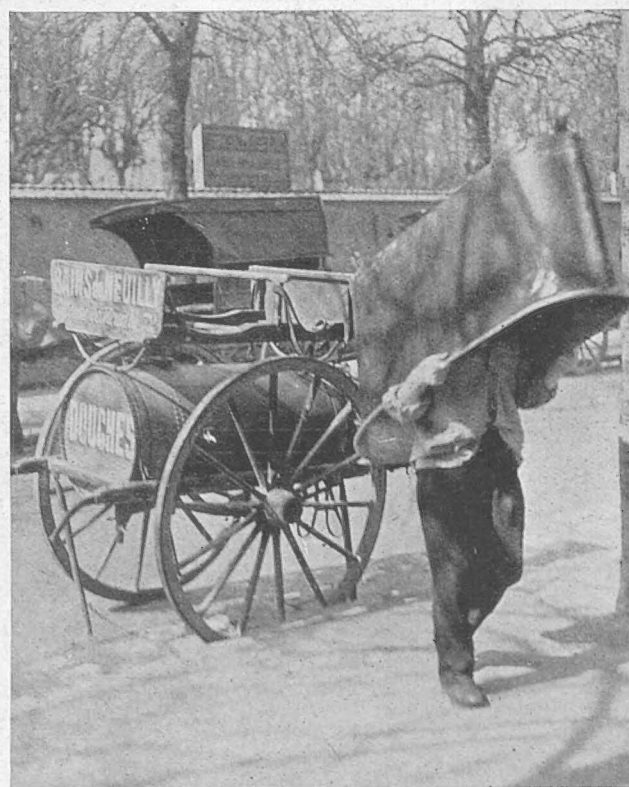
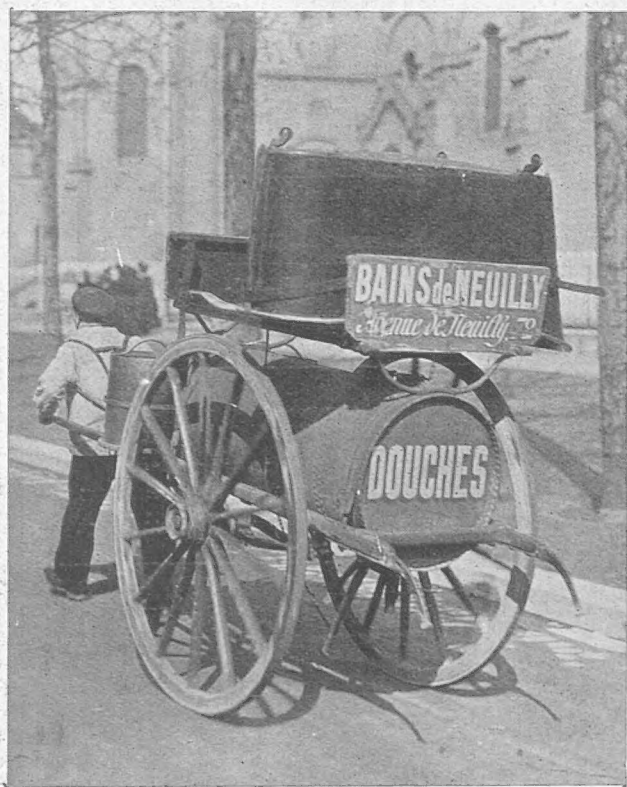
4. THE EXTERIOR OF THE COPPER PRISON.

THE CALORIMETER, WHICH IS DESIGNED TO MEASURE THE HEAT-ENERGY OF THE HUMAN BODY, AT WORK.

Much interest is being taken in the calorimeter, or human energy-testing apparatus, at Sheffield University. The machine is designed to show the amount of energy, as represented by the heat given off from the body, expended upon manual and mental work, and also to determine which food-products are the most economical and the best for workers with brain or hands. In a short time, a "prisoner" is to be shut up in the calorimeter, which is of copper, and he will be studied night and day by scientists, who will watch him through the "port-hole" in the side of the apparatus. Food will be passed to him through a double trap-door, and his only means of communication with the outside world will be by means of a telephone. Through this telephone the subject will be told what to do—to occupy himself with manual work or brain-work, as the case may be. His food will be varied. And the whole time the machine will be registering his energy under the different conditions.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]

PAYING TO GET INTO HOT WATER!

A PERAMBULATING BATH-ROOM; BATHS FOR THE BATHLESS.



1. THE BATH AND WATER ON THEIR WAY TO A CUSTOMER.

3. FILLING THE BUCKETS WITH HOT WATER—

2. CARRYING THE BATH INTO A HOUSE.

4. AND TAKING THE WATER TO THE BATH.

An ingenious Frenchman has discovered a new industry. There are in Paris, as, of course, in every other city, many houses that are bathless, to the great inconvenience of the inhabitants thereof. The Frenchman in question, realising this, has bought a bath which he lets on hire to anyone who cares to pay the small fee he demands, and, moreover, supplies the necessary hot-water. His charge is 1 franc 75 per bath, and he expects a pourboire.

Photographs by C. Delius.

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU WHEN YOU ARE SEVENTY :
WHERE OLD AGE PENSIONS WERE INVENTED.



1. WHERE THE BUDGET IS COMPILED.

2. THE TREASURY OFFICE.

How few of those who gaze idly, from the tops of motor-buses, at the long range of buildings in Whitehall stretching between the Horse Guards and Downing Street, realise that here are worked out those elaborate calculations which ultimately take shape in the Budget. It is almost exactly sixty years since Barry built the present facade on Whitehall which took the place of what is described as "a heavy and somewhat dowdy front, with two colonnades," the work of Sir John Scane. Within, the shell of the building is earlier, dating from George I. The Board Room is a fine chamber, of dignified proportions, with good eighteenth-century carving. At the further end stands, raised on a dais, a throne-like chair of state, which is the official seat of the First Lord of the Treasury. On the left is the Chancellor of the Exchequer's table, and it is needless to say that it is this Minister who really does the work, the office of First Lord of the Treasury being practically a sinecure.

Photographs by Bolak.

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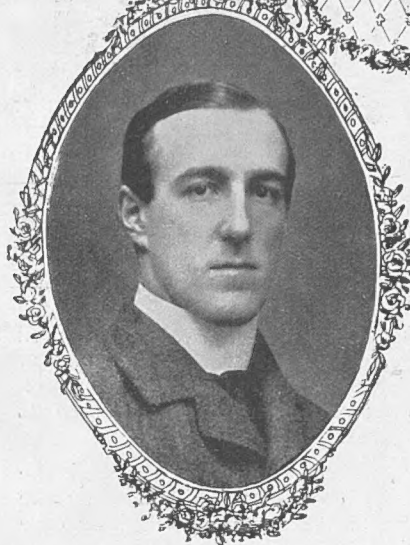
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SMALL TALK



MR. T. E. ELLIS, DRAMATIST: LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN, AUTHOR OF "LANVAL."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

pleasure than the proposal of any scheme for their advancement and happiness.

The Peer-Playwright.

Under the more than usually modest pen-name of "T. E. Ellis," Lord Howard de Walden will to-morrow (May 14) make his début as playwright and poet at the Playhouse. The new dramatist, like the Duchess of Sutherland before him, has gone to the fairy-

land of high romance for a subject—in fact, to "Arthur's Table Round." Lord Howard de Walden is devoted to the drama, and never misses a good play. He is said to be a supporter of the National Theatre movement, and his interest in theatrical matters is practical as well as theoretical.

A Septuagenarian Bridegroom.

Quite a sensation was caused in Society when the late Lord Alington married as his second wife one of the prettiest of débutantes; but nowadays such alliances are by no means exceptional, and the most interesting engagement of the moment is that of Viscount Portman, who will enter his eightieth year in July, to Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth. Lord Portman has been called the Titan of the hunting field; he has been an M.F.H. for over fifty years, and he is as keen

two years ago he received a visit from the King at Bryanston, his beautiful place near Blandford. The veteran Peer bridegroom is the father of many children, his eldest daughter being the Countess of Leven and Melville, while his eldest son and heir, Mr. Edward Portman, is married to a sister of Lord Wenlock.

An Ally of the King.

Last Friday arrived in London one of the most noteworthy of Eastern potentates—that is, his Highness Maharajah Sir Chandra Shum Shere Jung, G.C.S.I., who is the virtual ruler of Nepal. His Highness, who is accompanied by several of his sons, made a short stay at Malta, where he was accorded a magnificent reception by the Duke of Connaught, supported by all the British officers quartered there. During his stay in London the Maharajah is the guest of the Government, and he is occupying Mortimer House, the delightful mansion which was till lately Lord Penrhyn's town house. This great Eastern ruler is one of the most valued allies of our Sovereign, for Nepal has long been connected with India by intimate ties of friendship, and his Highness was deeply disappointed that the Prince of Wales, during his visit to India, was not able to visit him, owing to an outbreak of cholera. As head of that famous fighting race, the Gurkhas, our interesting guest is naturally anxious to see all he can of the British Army at home, and during his stay in England he will meet all our more distinguished soldiers, from Lord Roberts downwards.

Lord Grosvenor.

During his stay with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster this week the King will have an opportunity of making close acquaintance with his godson, little Lord Grosvenor. His Majesty does not often act as sponsor in person; he did so, however, on the occasion of the christening of this important babe. Lord Grosvenor is not quite four years old; he is a fine, sturdy little fellow, and has spent most of his life at Eaton Hall.



THE SEPTUAGENARIAN PEER WHO IS ABOUT TO MARRY: LORD PORTMAN.

Photograph by Russell.



HEIR TO THE DUKEDOM OF WESTMINSTER: EARL GROSVENOR.

Photograph by Speaight.

and untiring a horseman now as he was in his youthful days. Lord Portman is one of London's great ground landlords, and he has a delightful residence in the square which bears his name. He is, however, fonder of the country than of town, and some



OUR VISITOR FROM THE EAST: HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJAH SIR CHANDRA SHUM SHERE JUNG, VIRTUAL RULER OF NEPAL.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



THE CLUBMAN

PESHAWAR—THE KHYBER PASS—THE "CATCH-'EM-ALIVE-OHS."

INDIA must be throbbing with excitement from north to south just now. A war on the North-West frontier and an Anarchist plot in Calcutta are well calculated to make every European look to his revolver, and to serve as a subject of mumbled talk in a million bazaars. Peshawar, the frontier town, is always alert, always ready for any trouble in the mountainous land which it watches. The sack of Peshawar will reveal a paradise, with green-robed houris in attendance: that is the inducement held out by the Mullahs to the fanatical tribes when the "holy war" is being preached to them. There are many texts in the Koran which set forth that the unbeliever and his family are to be wiped off the face of the earth, texts which were chanted in the Mohammedan cities when in the Mutiny the white men and women were led out to be butchered; and there are also texts which say that all the goods and chattels of the unbeliever shall belong to the faithful.

The cantonment of Peshawar lies almost in battle formation on a slope with clear ground in front of it. Had an army of hillmen poured from their fastnesses and advanced across the plain against Peshawar at night (as might have been possible in days gone by) the British garrison would only have had to form up before their camps on the alarm to be ready to deliver battle. In front of each big group of bungalows and looking towards the Khyber is a main guard, and no guards in the world are more alert than those of Peshawar.

When a single fanatic, promised all the delights of paradise if he will slay a British officer, sets out from the hills to carry out his mission, he makes for Peshawar, and generally lies in wait by a main road until a regiment marches past, when he rushes at one of the mounted officers. When a tribe are more than usually in need of arms a body of the boldest spirits go out to attack a guard at some British camp, and it occasionally happens that one of the Peshawar guards is selected. To kill the sentry and to seize the arms before the men of the guard can reach them is the raiders' plan of action. Sometimes they succeed, but more often the sentry detects their approach, and the guard fires volleys at the figures disappearing in the darkness.

The Khyber Pass is an awe-inspiring chasm in the hills. Most of the distinguished globe-trotters who visit India go up through it and then return; but a soldier in India, unless urgent duty calls him to the fort at the far end, never

dreams of putting the wardens of the pass to the inconvenience of guarding the heights for him. The officers of the garrison hunt the jackals on the great plain, and watch the caravans go into the pass and come out of it; but it is the duty of Ross Keppel and his "Catch-'em-alive-ohs" to guard the pass, and of the troops at Peshawar to be ready at a moment's notice to march through it; and each force attends to its own business.

Once, and sometimes twice, a week the caravans come out of the hills, and on the same number of days they go back into the hills. The camels and dromedaries are great shaggy beasts, inured to cold as well as to heat; great bales, wrapped in rough matting and bright-coloured woven stuffs, sway on the backs of the animals, and in front and by their sides walk the camelherds, fierce, bearded men of the hills, each one of whom looks like a brigand. The Khyber Rifles are expected to see that these caravans go through the pass in safety. Regular troops hold the large forts, but the Rifles—the "Catch-'em-alive-ohs," as they are called on the border—have to prevent sniping and small raids on the caravans. They are the police of the pass, and probably the most picturesque police in the world. They are drawn from the hill tribes, on the principle that an ex-poacher makes the best gamekeeper, and they take an immense pride in preventing their brothers and cousins from indulging their predatory instincts.

To command the Khyber Rifles is a feather in the cap of even the smartest of officers in the Indian Army. The commandant has to be an admirable linguist and has to dominate his men by his force of character more than by any bonds of discipline. All Ross Keppel's predecessors have been men of extraordinary influence with the tribes, and he himself, in being able to keep the Zakka Khels quiet when the Mullahs were going

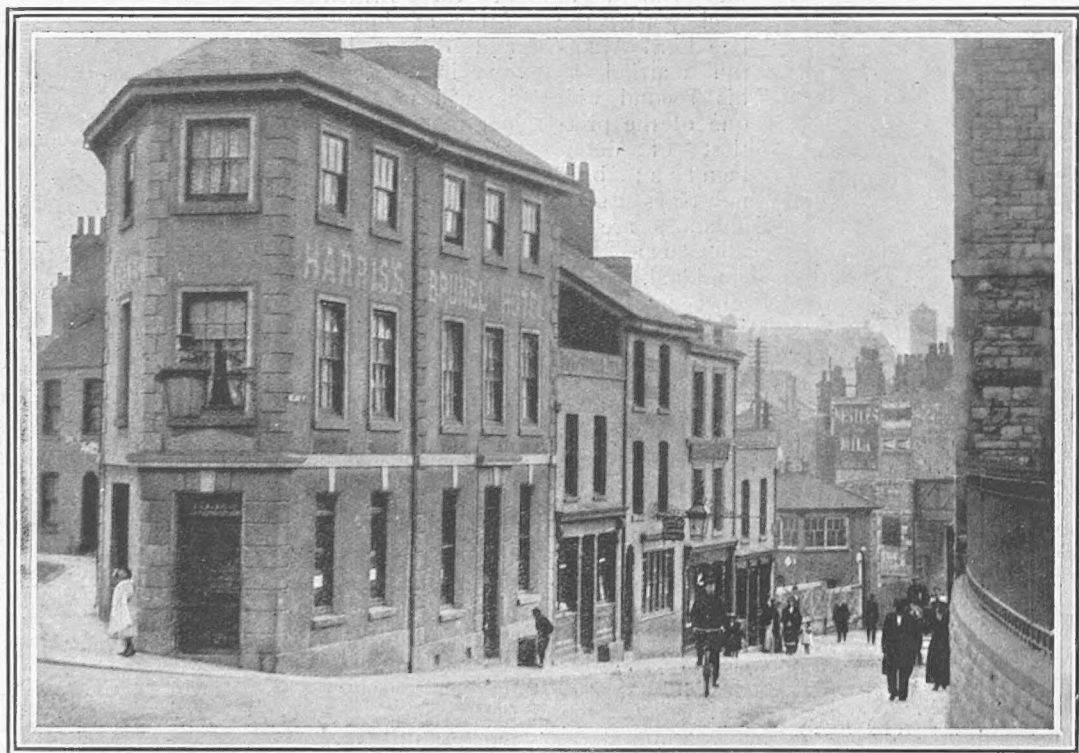
through their land urging them to rise again, has shown that his influence is as strong as that of any of the other men who have held this post of guardian of the marches. The commander of the Khyber Rifles at the time that I knew Peshawar was an officer, so I was always told, with Afghan blood in his veins—his mother was, I believe, an Afghan Princess—and though in all essentials he was an Englishman, the hill tribes believed that he was connected with the Pathan races, and they both feared him and respected him as being of them and yet above them.



LA BELLE LISON, THE FRIEND OF ULLMO, WHOSE APPEARANCE AT A PARISIAN MUSIC-HALL CAUSED A DEMONSTRATION.

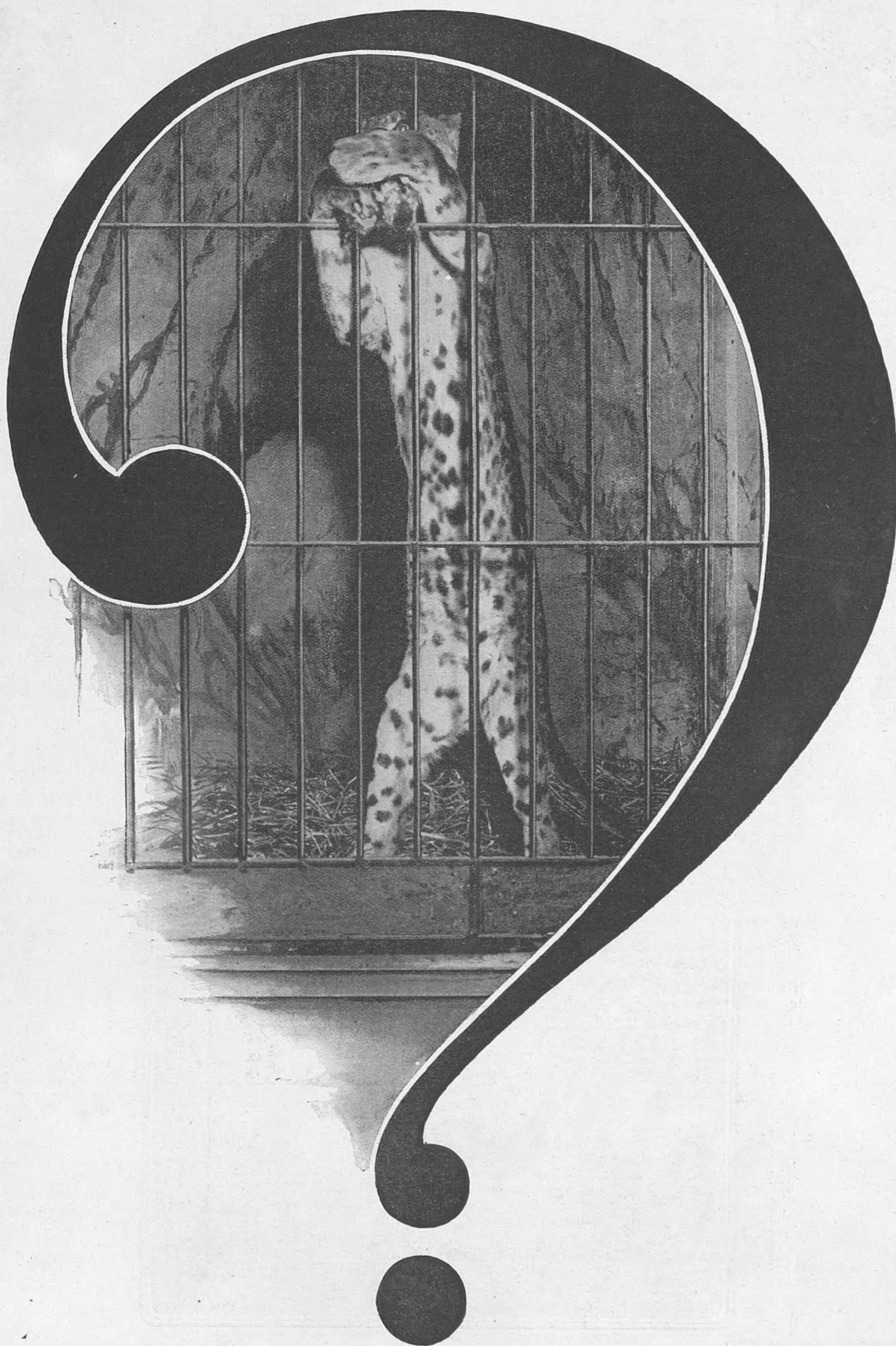
La Belle Lison, who became known to all France as the friend of Ullmo, who stood his trial for attempting to sell French naval secrets to Germany, appeared at a Parisian music-hall a few nights ago, and was the central figure of a representation of a scene in an opium-den. Her "turn" was the signal for a demonstration by some three hundred students, and she had to leave the stage. It is rumoured that La Belle Lison wishes to perform here; whether she will do so remains to be seen.

Photograph by Park.



THE PUBLICANS' PARADISE? FIVE PUBLIC-HOUSES IN A ROW IN MILLBAY ROAD, PLYMOUTH. The inn in the foreground of the photograph is the Brunel, then come the Bosphorus, the Terminus, the Greyhound, and the South Devon.—[Photograph by Halfones.]

THE ONE AND ONLY "WHAT IS IT?" A LIVING CONUNDRUM.



IS IT A NEWLY DISCOVERED ANIMAL OR A HYBRID? THE "WHAT IS IT?"

AN EARL'S COURT ATTRACTION.

The "What is it?" had its home in the "Zoo" for a short time, but a few days ago it was bought by Mr. Bostock, who is showing it in his Jungle at the Earl's Court Exhibition. It has been said that the beast may be a hybrid between a lion and a leopard, or a lion and some other animal, but its present owner states that he does not think there is anyone who knows positively that this is correct, and that the "What is it?" is just as likely to be a hitherto unknown animal as a hybrid.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



THE PLAY ACTORS—MME. DESPRÉS—THE ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART—"THE DAIRYMAIDS."

It is not extravagant for the critics to desire one evening of rest, but now even their Sunday is being severely attacked. Friday, it is true, is rarely encroached upon by the theatres since the Independent Theatre ceased from troubling, and we accepted the Stage Society; and lately the Pioneers without a murmur. The Play Actors have been somewhat unreasonably energetic on the Sawbath. Their last entertainment hardly compensated some of us for missing our attendance at church or chapel, as the case might be. Why the Doll Tear-sheet Scene in the second part of "Henry IV." should have been chosen, I cannot tell. Mr. Benson and his company presented the rather dull play, and I have heard that Mrs. Benson played the part of Doll very cleverly; but, on the whole, the drama deserves its modern neglect. The Play Actors did not discover a cast that could vitalise it; the one real humour was to notice the fact that some intolerably gross lines were delivered and nobody was a whit the worse. This was followed by a piece with the curious title "A Santa Lucia," a melodramatic love-story of Italian seafaring life which, as far as the translation showed, was quite commonplace in style; moreover, the visit of the terrible Sicilians at the Shaftesbury had put us out of humour for merely respectable performance of a piece in which they might very well have appeared. One thought of Signora Mimi Aguglia as the passion-swept Rosella and Signor Grasso in the part of her ebullient lover, and then felt unmoved by the careful, intelligent performances of the ladies and gentlemen of the English company, the best of whom was Miss Italia Conti, who did exhibit some real passion as a jilted girl.

The Shaftesbury seems destined to become the home of foreign competitors. The latest company contains two players already known and admired by the British playgoer. M. Lugné-Poe did not appear in "La Rafale," the main piece, and Mme. Suzanne Després might easily have found some better part in which to exhibit her undoubted talent than that of the passionate mistress of the uninteresting lover in the play. Some actresses obviously are intended by nature to represent studies of character, not passion, and Mme. Després is one of them. All that talent for acting and technique could do was done by her admirably, but she just lacked the curious touch of temperament necessary to enable her to render interesting an unpleasant creature, who, though credible, as we see from police-court reports, is not the sort of person anyone would care to know. It was not quite the fault of the actress that personally she suggested an energy of character which caused us to feel that her father never would have coerced her into accepting a repulsive marriage.

She is a really able actress, of the type, however, of the Stage Society actresses, and that valuable society never would have thought twice of producing "La Rafale." In some respects M. Marey played the part of the father brilliantly, though it was not easy for an Englishman to believe that in personal style he quite succeeded in indicating the vulgarity suggested by some of his speeches. French stage lovers are rarely acceptable to us, and M. Chevalet, though a clever actor, was not an exception. "Poil de Carotte" is an ingenious little play, in which Mme. Després acted very well, and M. Lugné-Poe played quite admirably.

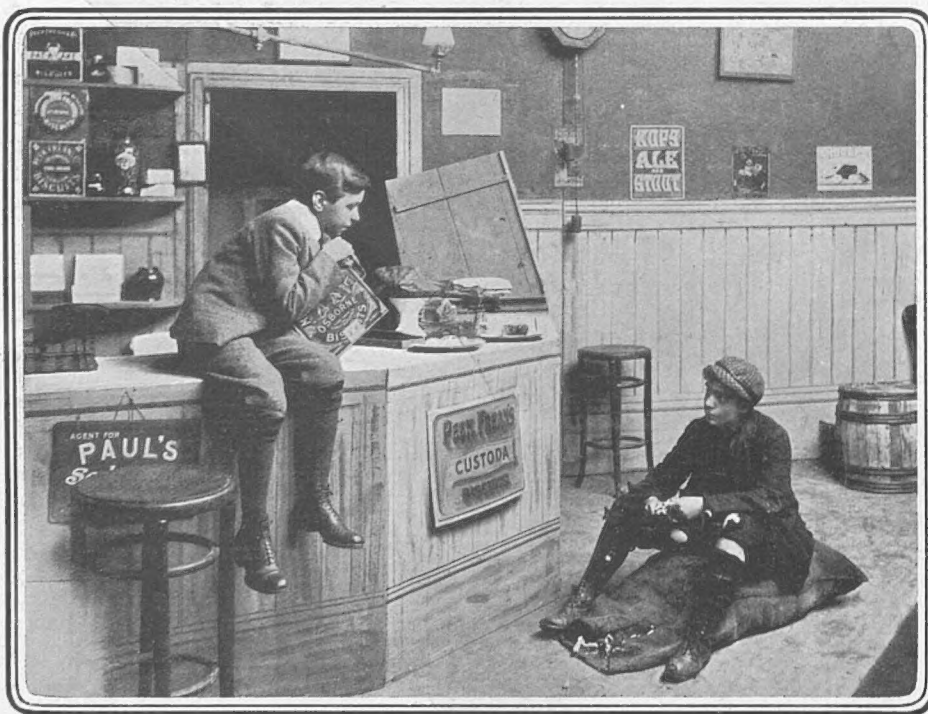


COO-COO, THE PAROQUET WHO SPEAKS THREE LANGUAGES AT COMMAND: MR. VICTOR NIBLO, WITH THE CLEVERER OF HIS TWO TALKING BIRDS.

Both the parrot and his companion, a parrot (Laura), talk freely to their master, answering questions in three languages and imitating various sounds at the word of command. They are to be seen just now at the London Hippodrome.

Photograph by Steiner.

but struggling milliner, lived at her expense, embezzled her money, and made love to her girls. Although excellent in intention, the little play was somewhat false in sentiment. Some of the parts were cleverly acted, notably by Miss Margaret Hollister, Miss Constance Little, and Miss Laura Cowie. The rest of the afternoon was taken up by fencing, dancing, a children's play, and a scene from "Twelfth Night," in which we had a praiseworthy Malvolio from Mr. K. Lamb, and a sympathetic Viola from Miss Sylvia Dryhurst.



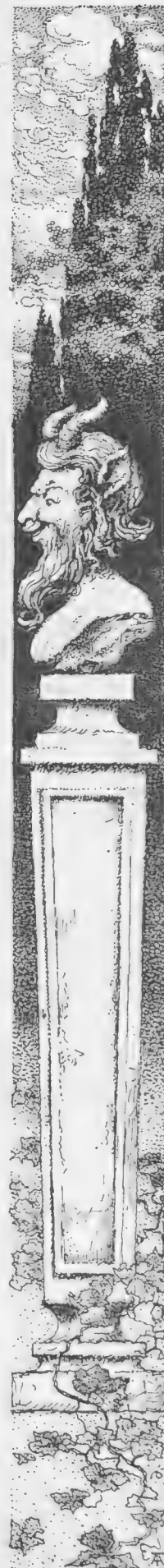
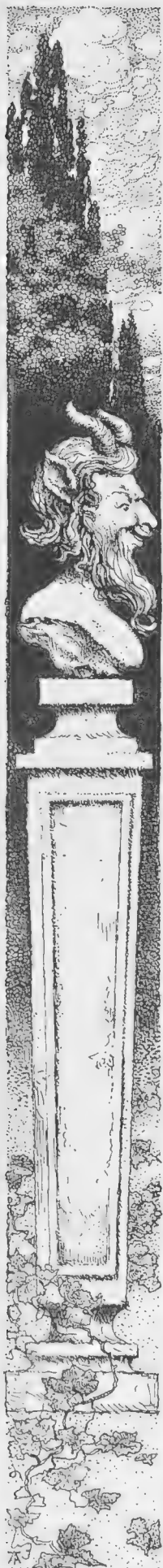
"THE LIKES O' ME," AT THE KINGSWAY: MASTER PHILIP TONGE AS VISCOUNT WORTH AND MISS BERYL MERCER AS BILLY.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

are the other leading ladies in a very strong cast. The chorus is a beauty-show of the first order. In short, "The Dairymaids" is a great success, with no nonsense in it about brains.

"The Dairymaids" has returned to London and settled at the Queen's Theatre, it having apparently been found that there is yet enough life in it to make a revival worth while. It still depends for its humours on Mr. Dan Rolyat, who is in great form, and is admirably seconded by Mr. Ambrose Manning; and Miss Phyllis Dare, as the chief dairymaid, sings her songs with much vivacity and wears many fascinating frocks. Miss Florence Smithson uses her small but delightful voice to good effect in a new song, "Boy Blue." Miss Phyllis Broughton and Miss Florence Lloyd

THE ONE AND ONLY "I AM IT!":
THE AUTHOR OF "GETTING MARRIED."



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, WHOSE "INSTRUCTIVE CONVERSATION" WAS DUE FOR PRODUCTION
AT THE HAYMARKET YESTERDAY (TUESDAY) AFTERNOON.

It was arranged that Mr. Shaw's new play, "Getting Married," described by him as "an instructive conversation," should be produced yesterday. Mr. Shaw, by the way, has just been "insulted" by an American firm in a manner many would welcome. To the pages of a periodical published by the firm in question the great "G. B. S." contributed a story. So far, so good. But it happened that the American editor (or his readers) decided that Mr. Shaw's story was the best published in his magazine during a certain period, and so sent the author a substantial cheque as a bonus. This was returned with indignation, Mr. Shaw stating that he was not in the habit of competing for prizes, and that, any way, what did the editor expect but that his story would be the best!

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"MADAME GRIBOUILLE."

By M. M. Tarride and
Chénevière.

Théâtre du Palais Royal.

M. Boulard is married. M. Dignereux is also married. Their wives are named respectively Gilberte and Jeanne. And Lucien Fontal is a bachelor, and that is where the trouble comes in.

Gilberte Boulard is a charming woman with too keen a sense of humour. Her charms led her out of the stony narrow pathway in which married virtue is so uncomfortably placed,

some years ago. And her sense of humour causes her to find her much-wronged husband quite ridiculous. She is strolling down the pleasantly broad pathway of irregularity (I hope, Madame la Lectrice, you will credit me with a light touch) with Dignereux just now. Mme. Dignereux objects, as, of course, some wives do, and seizes the opportunity of the summer holidays to flirt impressively with Lucien Fontal. Fontal is a timid young man. He plays lawn-tennis well, can drive a motor-car, and call a barmaid ducky-daddles with the best of them. But when it comes to a good long moonlight peep into the bright eyes of a *dame*

little path to be made ridiculous. And ridicule, she thinks, is quite inevitable when a man's wife forgets the duties which she listened to, or pretended to listen to, in church upon her wedding-day.

I wonder whether you know the story of Gribouille, Madame la Lectrice? Gribouille was a simple-minded youth who was afraid of getting wet; and on a bright May morning Gribouille was caught in one of those sudden showers of which we have had pretty samples this year. So that the rain should not wet him, Gribouille took shelter in a pond. And you may draw your moral. You understand now, don't you, that, while there is nothing really very wrong between Fontal and Mme. Dignereux, everyone in the hotel thinks there is, excepting Fontal (who hopes that there will be soon), Jeanne Dignereux herself, and Gilberte, who is sure that there is shortly going to be. "This must be put a stop to," says Gilberte, and, with a woman's impulse, warns the husband. Dignereux is annoyed. He is a tall, strong man, and he expresses his annoyance with some explicitness to Fontal. Fontal is rather glad he does, for he is getting tired of having tea *en tête-à-tête* with Jeanne and, as it were, getting no farther than the *tête-à-tête*. This is dreadfully naughty if you think it over. When Dignereux, as husbands will, expresses displeasure to his wife, that lady, as wives will, refuses to answer. But underneath her husband's haughty nose she takes the little Fontal's two ear-lobes in her two soft hands, draws his face close to hers, and kisses him on the eyebrow. Then she says "There!" and runs away.

Everybody in the hotel has seen this happen, and everybody, as dear friends will do, condoles with Dignereux upon his wife's disgraceful conduct. Then Gilberte, anxious for her friend's tottering dignity, thinks she will remonstrate with Master Fontal. Fontal is quite willing to be remonstrated with. He is getting a bit tired, as I have said, of these platonic *tête-à-têtes*, he objects to duelling, and he does not think the lip-to-eyebrow racket worth wills and pistols for two and coffee for four. He has also begun to think that Gilberte is a very pretty woman. You can't remonstrate with a naughty little man (can you, Madame la Lectrice?) without sitting pretty close to him. Gilberte sits close to Lucien on one of those plaited-straw hotel-seats with no paint upon them. This puts Fontal off his usual explanation, so that somehow his good right arm stays where it is. Then somebody comes into that hotel-lounge and remarks that Dignereux is coming down the stairs. The lift-door stands open, Gilberte says "Oh, là-là!"—she and Fontal jump up and run into the lift, the door closes with a snap, the lift rises slowly, and the rest of the story's improper.—JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



A CURIOSITY OF COSTUME ON THE FRENCH STAGE: Mlle. CASSIVE, WHO IS APPEARING IN "OCCUPEI D'AMÉLIE," AT THE THÉÂTRE DES NOUVEAUTÉS.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

du monde Fontal is nervous. And yet this bashful young man's dear desire is to call a *dame du monde* just what he calls the barmaid. (Pray cast those pretty eyes of yours, Madame la Lectrice, up to the last remark in brackets. Thank you so much.) Of course, Fontal does not remember that he is in a Palais Royal farce, and that therefore the probabilities are dead against any objection being raised to ducky-daddling by a *dame du monde*. He plays lawn-tennis with pretty Jeanne Dignereux, he goes for little walks with her, he gives her tea, but every time his young thoughts turn to daddling, as it were, he ducks. And whenever his good right arm has crept round to the back of her pretty summer gown his courage fails him, his five fingers twitch, and he pretends to be anxious to scratch off a paint-blister on the back of her chair.

Mme. Jeanne Dignereux does not mind this at all. What she wants to do is to persuade her husband that, instead of wandering down the broad pathway of sin with Mme. Gilberte Boulard, he would do better to look after the growing breadth of her path. That is all.

Fontal soon makes such progress that, in the opinion of everybody in the country hotel where they are all staying, there is little or no doubt that M. Dignereux is being paid back in his own coin. And so Fontal is fairly happy, for in a figurative as well as a literal sense he really has scratched off the paint a bit. Now Gilberte doesn't like this. She doesn't mind forsaking the narrow, stony virtue-path herself, but she does not wish her companion in that



A CURIOSITY OF COSTUME ON THE FRENCH STAGE: Mlle. PIRON IN THE BALLET "COPPELIA."

Photograph by Reutlinger.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



CARVING THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY: NATIVES MAKING PALAVER-STOOLS IN DUALA, IN THE CAMEROONS.



PROTECTED FOOD IN EAST AFRICA: THE CURIOUS MUD "SAFE" IN WHICH GRAIN IS STOPPED THAT IT MAY NOT BE CONSUMED BY WHITE ANTS.



WEARER OF SLIPPERS WORTH £4000:
MLLE. MARTHA HEDMAN.

Mlle. Hedman, the well-known Swedish actress, is remarkably popular, and a number of the jeunesse dorée of Stockholm recently presented her with a pair of slippers ornamented with diamond butterflies, and worth some £4000.



THE LAZIEST OF PLANTS: THE CACTUS
WHOSE FLOWERS OPEN ONLY AT
MIDNIGHT.

As the daisy, most innocent of flowers, goes to bed, as good young things should, at sundown, so this cactus, not being a believer in the Daylight Bill, opens its flower only at midnight.



AN ACTRESS WHO CLAIMED £2400 FOR A
LOST BENEFIT: MME. GILDA DARTY.

While on tour in South America some time ago, Mme. Darty was promised a benefit night, but the benefit did not take place, and consequently she lodged a claim against the manager for £2400—her estimate of the amount the benefit would have brought her.



A FISHY ADVERTISEMENT: MODEL CUTTLEFISH AND HADDOCKS AS SIGNS OVER A COLONIAL DEALER'S SHOP IN CHINA.



MEN WITH MONEY TO BURN: DESTROYING 1,250,000 DOLLARS OF
CANCELLED SCRIP AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.



A ROYAL DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER:
PRINCESS THYRA OF DENMARK,
Who is Said to be Engaged to Prince Friedrich
of Schaumburg-Lippe.

be persuaded of the truth of the fact that the Prince of Wales's racing victories were not "arranged surprises." Had he been present at the defeat of Perrier last week, even the Brother of the Sun would have seen how erroneous was this impression.

A Royal Deceased Wife's Sister. Princess Thyra of Denmark, one of our Queen's most attractive nieces, is engaged, it is said, to the widower of her elder sister. Such marriages are uncommon in the royal caste, though by no means unknown. It is, however, the first time that a Princess so closely connected with our royal family has thought of forming such an alliance. The bridegroom, Prince Friedrich of Schaumburg-Lippe, is one of the greatest of German royalties. He was married to Princess Louise of Denmark in 1896, and their marriage lasted ten years. Princess Thyra is devoted to her late sister's three motherless children, and has been much with them.

Mr. J. J. Duveen. Quite a sensation has been caused among art-lovers by the announcement that Mr. J. J. Duveen, the head of what is perhaps the greatest firm of art dealers in the world, is about to add a new wing to the Tate Gallery. This munificent gentleman is one of two brothers, who, of Dutch parentage, have become British by choice and residence. Both at Christie's and at all those lesser sale-rooms where famous art-collections are dispersed, the name of Duveen is one to conjure with. The heads of the London and New York houses seek all over the world for treasures, and not long ago they purchased the Rodolphe Kann collection for a million sterling. Mr. J. J. Duveen has already been a generous giver to the Tate Gallery, Sargent's splendid "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth" being his gift.

THE King's attendance at the Chester Races this week is yet another proof, if proof were needed, of his interest in racing, "the sport of kings." His Majesty's love of horses and desire to improve British breeds have repeatedly been shown in unmistakable fashion, and it would be difficult to overestimate the value his royal concern with things equine has had on what has always been a great English and Irish trade. When the Shah of Persia first visited this country he could not

Miss Ruby Lindsay.

The débutantes of 1908 are not to have it all their own way, for there are already some famous maiden beauties in the field, among these none more lovely than the Duchess of Rutland's niece, Miss Ruby Lindsay. Many artists have painted Miss Lindsay since she made her début three or four years ago, but of them it may be doubted whether any painter has conveyed her peculiarly British type of loveliness as well as her own aunt, who, in con-



NIECE OF THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND
AND SOCIETY BEAUTY:
MISS RUBY LINDSAY.
Photograph by M. S. Clarke.

nection with art, is still best known under her old name of Lady Granby. Miss Lindsay recalls to a strange degree Romney's countless portraits of Emma, Lady Hamilton. She has the same grace and the same colouring.

Saved by Ruin. When Lady Minto comes home she will have much to tell Miss Balfour of her sad experiences of the terrible famine in India. Few ladies in England know more of the sorrows of the hunger-stricken than the ex-Premier's sister. When Mr. Balfour was Chief Secretary in Ireland, Miss Balfour disregarded the perils to which she was exposed as the sister of her brother. He was compelled to have his half-dozen armed guards when playing golf; she went unattended in the suffering districts of the West of Ireland, like a ministering angel. The poor, who had cursed him in their ignorance, blessed her in their knowledge of her goodness. One old man who had heaped benedictions upon her could not steer clear of a gem of a bull. "Troth, blessed lady, if it hadn't been for the famine its starving entirety that we'd be this day," he said, as he looked upon the good things which she had brought him.

Rus in Urbe. The garden at No. 10, Downing Street will soon resound to the pleasing cries and laughter of children, for there Miss Elizabeth Asquith and her little brother will entertain their friends. This old-world, leafy pleasure is one of the most delightful spots in London on a hot day, and it breathes stately repose and peace. Swift, in the days when "the most famous house in London" belonged to that Earl of Corfe who was his friend, must often have paced up and down these paths, but there have been few children connected with No. 10, Downing Street.



WINSTON CHURCHILL, HUMANITARIAN: MR. CHURCHILL
WARDING OFF THE CROWD AT DUNDEE, TO SAVE
THEM FROM DAMAGE BY HIS MOTOR-CAR.
Photograph by the Topical Press.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S OUTLOOK—LIMITED, BUT PLEASING! THE GARDEN OF 10, DOWNING STREET.
Photograph by Halfones.

A LEAP INTO A VOLCANO.



A POSTER REALISED: CRAZY JIM JUMPING INTO THE CRATER IN "THE VOLCANO,"
AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Our illustration shows the most sensational incident in "The Volcano"—Crazy Jim's leap into the crater. Jim is played by Mr. Arthur Chesney, who is a brother of Mr. Edmund Gwenn, and husband of Miss Estelle Winwood, who is playing in "When Knights Were Bold." The scene of "The Volcano" is Mexico. The authors are Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova.



BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

A Slight Mistake.

Every visitor to the Royal Academy is concerned to know from what disease the victim of the "death sentence" is suffering in the Hon. John Collier's picture. Nobody questions the finding of the doctor. Yet very likely he was wrong. Cecil Rhodes lived to laugh for thirty years at the specialist who gave him only three months to live. Doctors are as human as their patients, and apt to err. Who does not remember the porty, gouty Squire whom Assheton Smith induced to commit himself to the keeping of a hydropathic physician? Cold-water bandages were prescribed. The weather was chilly; chillier were the bandages in which the sportsman had to swathe his suffering frame. "John," he said to his valet, "put half-a-dozen bottles of port into that d— water, to warm it." And in wine-and-water the invalid was enveloped. "Ah, the system is acting beautifully," said his doctor next morning, as he inspected the ruby swathes. "See, the port-wine is already beginning to leave you."

Nothing to Wear.

The story which is being told of Mr. Chauncey Depew's narrow escape from arrest as a vagrant in London recalls the fact that one of our own representatives could not face the music, because, in the phrase of the ladies, he had "nothing to wear." It was George Pritchard, the missionary to Tahiti, upon whom Admiral Sir J. C. Dalrymple Hay called to hand him his commission as British Consul. He was to go off to the ship to receive the commission, but declined, as the official garments were lacking. The Handy-man is not to be balked by trivial difficulties such as this. One young officer ripped off an epaulette, another contributed a second; a third lent a sword and belt, and yet another surrendered his cocked hat. The epaulettes were stitched on the missionary's coat; the sword was hung about him. All fitted except the hat. That was too small for the consular head, but the missionary carried it in his hand, and went off thus in state.

Another Haunted House.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll's recent chapter on haunted houses may be supplemented by an experience of Rossetti's. He firmly believed in the bulk of the tenets which the Spiritualists hold, so, when his landlady at Chelsea reported to him certain mysterious foot-falls about the house at night, he readily concluded that the home was the scene of ghostly visits. The more willingly did he incline to the view from the fact that the good lady had but recently lost her husband, and that the foot-falls—a soft, indefinite shuffle—recalled the slippers of the

late lamented landlord. A quite surprising explanation dispelled the theory. There came a day of search for some of the poet's manuscripts. They were traced at last to an old bureau, where the precious writings were found, reduced to the tiniest fragments. The tragedy was the outcome of a raccoon's work. The animal had been one of the unruly pets of Rossetti's miniature "Zoo." It had escaped, ravaged the hen-roosts of the locality, and returned nightly, by way of the chimney, to the artist's dwelling, and the 'coon's were the foot-steps which had suggested ghosts or goblins damned.

Parnell's Only Joke.

The question of flogging of criminal bullies divides public sympathies to-day as it did in the latter part of last century. The Queen was all against the abolition of this form of punishment in the Army and Navy, and her views had many supporters in the House of Commons. On the opposite side was Parnell, and his advocacy of abolition was the occasion of the only joke he ever made in the whole course of his singular career. Ward Hunt, Disraeli's First Lord, was, like many another good man and true, remarkable for his inability to keep awake in the House. He woke up, however, determined to meet an Irish attempt to abolish the cat, saying that it was administered only in cases of serious crime. Parnell

replied that among the offences for which the cat was administered was that of a man's sleeping at his post. "Now, I should like to know whether the First Lord of the Admiralty considers *that* a serious offence?" he asked.

The Missing Link.

All sorts of ambitious schemes are attributed by military critics to the Germans, who are to swim the Channel as one man and cut our throats, some dark night, without as much as a "by your leave." Nothing so ingenious has been suggested as something which they actually did in their last great war.

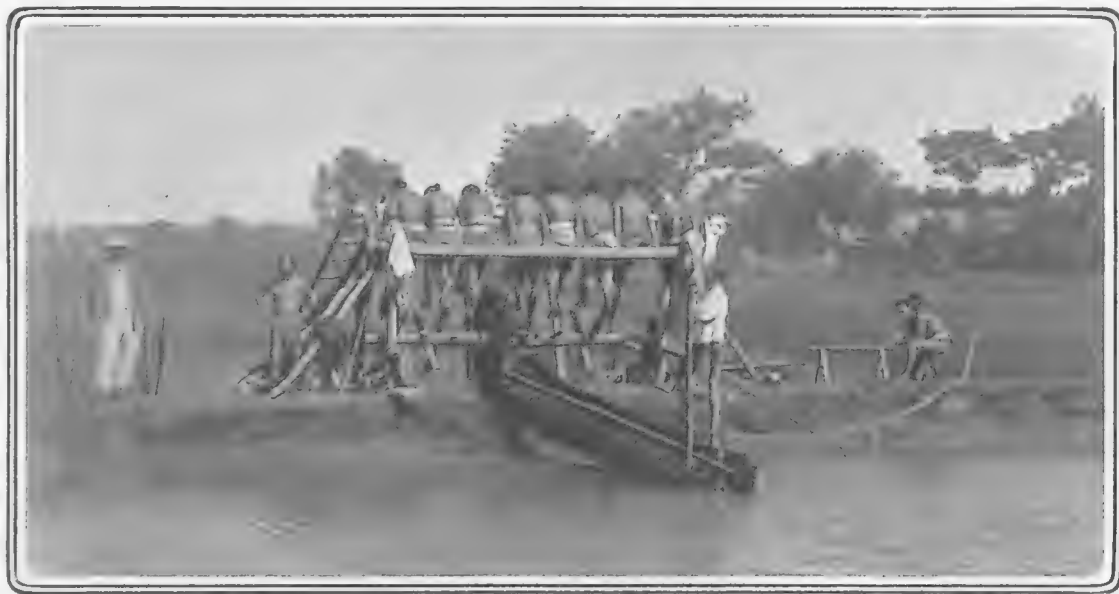
A Prussian firm supplied to a French firm, just over the frontier, a traction-engine of famous type. Strange to say, the engine would not work on French soil. French engineers were called in, but they could not get the thing going; the German firm promised to send their own men to put matters right. But the fault was not immediately rectified. Then war between the two nations broke out. The Ger-

mans crossed the frontier; one of their officers had in his pocket the little mechanism necessary to complete that engine. It was fitted in, and the Germans used it with excellent results in the first stages of commissariat organisation on the French side of the frontier.



"EGGS, YESSIR. PENGUIN, OR ORDINARY, SIR?" PENGUIN'S EGGS, THE NEW TABLE DELICACY.

Five thousand penguin's eggs arrived at Leadenhall Market the other day, and were at once placed on sale for eating purposes. The eggs are rather larger than those of the hen, taste a little like plover's eggs, cost sixpence apiece, and should be boiled for twenty minutes. The experiment is a sign of the progressive policy of the Cape Government, who protect the penguin.—[Photograph by Park.]



A TREADMILL FOR FREE MEN: CHINESE PUMPING WATER.

It will be noticed that the action of the men pumping water suggests strongly that of men on a treadmill.

"YOU'RE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM"—



VISITOR: Good morning.

VISITOR: Delightful country, this.

VISITOR: Lived all your life here?

RESIDENT: Mornin'

RESIDENT: 'Um!

RESIDENT: Not yet!

DRAWN BY NOEL POCKOCK.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MADAME SUZANNE DESPRÉS, the Shaftesbury's guest from the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, who, as every *Sketch* reader knows, is in private life Mme. Lugué-Poe, met her husband under somewhat romantic conditions. Word was taken to him at the theatre one day that a young lady, bringing with her a letter of introduction from one of his friends, asked for an interview. She begged to be allowed to recite to him, and after she had spoken a few lines M. Lugué-Poe stopped her and said that that was enough for him. "Please, no," she replied; "I recite the end better than I do the beginning, and you've got to listen." The tone in which she spoke was so compelling that he allowed her to finish. In that recitation he recognised the mysterious quality and the feeling for the theatre which never fail to carry conviction in the minds of an audience. He also saw, for the first time in his life, what appeared to him to be an entirely new dramatic possibility in the young girl. He was, however, unable to utilise her services at the moment. Besides, he saw that she needed lessons, so, as he was going to Norway, he gave her a letter to a friend, and asked him to teach her. Three months later, on his return, Mme. Després called at the theatre and proved that she had made a great advance in her art. The result was that she was engaged, and made her début in a small part in a play by Maeterlinck. Her genius, however, soon changed all that, and it was not long before she was appearing in leading parts in the theatre the manager of which she was subsequently to marry.

No contrast could well be more striking than that between the present position of Mme. Bartet, the great actress of the Théâtre

Français, who comes as our next guest to the Shaftesbury for a short visit, and the position her parents designed for her. Her father was a small employé at the Musée of the Louvre, and she herself was to be apprenticed to a dressmaker. Her grandmother was employed at the Français, and in that way the child often went behind the scenes to see the plays and to worship at the feet of Delaunay, the great jeune premier of the company, who played the youthful heroes even when he was quite an old man. Someone told the actor of the conquest he had made.

The child's homage appealed to his imagination, satiated as he

who, possibly flattered by the notice the great actor had taken of his daughter, listened kindly to her desires. Her grandmother, however, who had no illusions about the theatre or the life dramatic, opposed the idea with such vehemence that

the little Julie Regnault—for that was her name—was packed off to the dressmaker, and made to do all the uninteresting work which falls to an apprentice. She refused, however, to be bound down to dressmaking, and was eventually allowed to enter the Conservatoire. On the day of her examination, in consequence of the long hours in the ill-ventilated establishment of the modiste, she was physically weak and exhausted, so that she was quite unable to do herself justice, and, after her recitation of a scene from "L'Ecole des Maris," she was given only a medal of the second class, with the result that, as she said herself, she felt she was only "un petit oiseau déplumé." It was, however, the first rung of the ladder up which she has mounted, until she stands at the top, one of the acknowledged leaders of her art, and the only actress on the French stage who wears the coveted ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

There is, it appears, a sequel to the story told on this page last week of Mr. Alfred Kendrick and Mr. Bassett Roe going to Fort Thomas to get points from the real soldiers for their fight in a play, and Mr. Kendrick acting as if he had been wounded. While playing the duel scene one evening Mr. Kendrick had the misfortune to be cut on the forehead by the point of his antagonist's sword. In the excitement of the act he did not feel anything, and did not know he was hurt. As the curtain fell, however, he became unconscious, and when he recovered, Miss Julia Marlowe, the "star," was mopping the blood from his brow. It was his artistic sense which first awoke, however, for as soon as he saw the blood he murmured—"Don't waste it. I need some to put on my shirt in the next act."

Mr. Bouchier's association with Mrs. Langtry in a play by Mr. Grundy recalls the interesting fact that it was in "Esther Sandraz" (a play by the same author and with the same actress in the leading part) that he made his first appearance on the professional stage, at Wolverhampton, under the name of Baron. For a beginner his part was a very good one, and he was, not unnaturally, very pleased with himself. One morning, as he himself relates, he went to Mr. Grundy, his face wreathed in smiles, and said: "I know my words." Mr. Grundy looked up and did not smile. "I wish you knew mine," he replied.



RECEIVER OF A BOUQUET THAT CONTAINED TWO DOGS: SIGNORINA GIUSEPPINA DE GIGLI.

Signorina de Gigli, the Italian actress, received a bouquet from an unknown admirer while she was playing in Milan the other day. The bunch of flowers seemed exceptionally heavy, and close inspection revealed the fact that in the midst of the roses were two live Japanese spaniels.

was by adulation, and he said he wanted to see her. He talked kindly to her, and when she naïvely confessed that her ambition was to become an actress, instead of throwing cold water on her desire he sympathised with her, and advised her to work and try. When she went home she told her father,



ON THE WAR-PATH AT A MUSIC-HALL: MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS, THE FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT, GIVING HIS LIGHTNING LECTURE.

Mr. Frederic Villiers, the famous war artist, whose most recent work was done before Port Arthur on behalf of the "Illustrated London News," is now lecturing at various music-halls on his experiences. His "turn" is entitled "Fifteen Minutes on the War-Path," and during that fifteen minutes he has something to say about 42 lantern-slides shown on a screen at his side.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

KEN'S CRABBIN'.



KENNETH THE YOUTHEFUL (*much interested in papa's unexpected catch*): Easy, pa. Don't waggle your leg about so much, or you'll lose him.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A LITTLE square book called "The Last of the Kildonnell Letters," published by Messrs. Lawrence and Jellicoe—to be precise in the matter of its history—has on its title-page a name and in its body letterpress that claim relationship with the most familiar literary name of the moment.

The first indignity [we read in the seventh letter to Theodosia, on Matrimony] that confronts you the moment you have turned away from the altar-rails, after having suffered and accepted in silence the outrageous terms of the Marriage Service, is the surrender of one of your hitherto most precious possessions, the name you were born to—perhaps a great one, that arrests the attention and admiration of everyone who hears it, that clears the way for you in all directions, but that you can, apparently, without a pang, renounce for one that perhaps no one has ever heard of; or worse, for one so frequently met with that, as a distinguished appellation, it ceases to be a name at all.

Marriage was put in its proper place before Theodosia had read her letter, if read it she did; not Mr. Bernard Shaw's reported new play, that has its main situation in the reading by the hero and heroine on their wedding morning of Bernard Shaw on marriage, to the confounding of their plans, could toll the bell for marriage so vehemently. And the name on the title-page of the little square book is Lucy Carr Shaw, so that it may be seen that the sister of the author of "Man and Superman" acts all the way up to the convictions expressed in her pages.

Sir Theodore Martin, at the Academy private view, found himself most of all at home in the society of actors. The association is natural enough in the case of the widower of Helen Faucit; and in any case, men of letters were not very numerous that day at Burlington House. Mr. Sidney Colvin and a lady who also had the glory of inspiring immortal Stevenson literature were there, however; and cordial were the greetings exchanged between them and Sir Theodore. Everybody spoke to the aged Knight about his new Queen Victoria volume; but I confess that my thoughts went back more than six decades to the *Blackwood* notice of Coventry Patmore, said to be written by Sir Theodore, and by no means respectful, either, to Shelley and Keats. The world has changed many of its opinions since 1844. Has Sir Martin changed his, I wonder? Those early poems of Patmore's I have lately re-read. They are full of faults. But it is not merely the proverbial wisdom that follows the event, I think, which leads one to find them full of the promise that Leigh Hunt, among others, saw in them instantly, and that had so brilliant a fulfilment in the years to come. Sir Theodore has a name we all respect; but it will be only by this accidental association that he will ever pass down to posterity in the company of Patmore.

A Strand bookseller's catalogue is a comforting thing. It suggests that there is money abroad—and in the Strand. When a first edition of "Sense and Sensibility" commands forty-five pounds, Mrs. Browning's "An Essay on Mind" twelve guineas, and "Prometheus Bound" thirteen; when Meredith's "Poems," of 1851, is worth thirty, and Stephen Phillips' "Erebus" four pounds;

and when, above all, a presentation copy of "A Romance of Two Worlds," by Miss Marie Corelli, claims two guineas as its equivalent, there seems to be a buzz and clatter of gold about us.

One letter in this interesting catalogue is from Browning, dated 1887—

I must needs attend at the unveiling of my old friend Rossetti's memorial at Chelsea. It was proposed that I should play the main part in this ceremony, and having excused my poor oratory from exerting its powers on the occasion, it seems incumbent on me to be present at all events while an abler man presides.

So Browning was gracious to the end, and after, to one who had sunk from friendship into ways of strange suspicion. At this moment another London bookseller is offering for sale a memento of Rossetti's distrust in the shape of a copy of "Fifine at the Fair," presented by the author to Rossetti. Turning its pages, his fretful eye caught sight of certain passages which he imagined were a continuation of Buchanan's slander, and he chucked "Fifine at the Fair," inscription and all, into the grate. No fire burned there, and a companion with a sense of serendipity rescued and appropriated the book—an action valued by my bookseller at twenty-eight pounds.

Very close had been the ties, begun when Rossetti wrote to the little-known author of "Paracelsus" in admiration of that work, between the poets. And Mrs. Browning had no more ardent admirer than Rossetti, except the man who had married her for herself and her poetry. That the ties were close there is charming evidence. In 1856 Rossetti wrote from Bath—

The Brownings are long gone back now, and with them one of my delights—an evening resort where I never felt unhappy. How large a part of the real world, I wonder, are those two small people?—taking meanwhile so little room in any railway carriage, and hardly needing a double bed at the inn.

Ruskin, too, was a great friend, meanly estranged; but in that case the burden of estrangement was not entirely Rossetti's. Newman has lately been called an "old woman" by an

over-adventurous journalist, and while it is even more grossly unjust to apply the phrase to Ruskin, yet he tidied and dusted and busied himself about other people's muddles. The accumulation of papers and bric-à-brac in Rossetti's studio was a disaster to Ruskin from which even his humour could not save him. The studio was not swept, and Ruskin was hardly a friend any longer.

"Mr. I. A. Taylor," as so many of the reviewers of the last Life of Lady Jane Grey call its author, is in reality Miss Ida Ashworth Taylor, the bearer of a great name in literature. She is a daughter of Sir Henry Taylor, the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," and, like her father, she has been a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. Miss Taylor's familiar memoir of Sir Walter Raleigh is one of the most satisfactory Biographies in Brief lately produced; and it ought to be instrumental in bringing Londoners to a sense of London's lapse, inasmuch as she leaves her Raleigh without a public monument.

M. E.



THE ONE WHO WAS BITTEN: What the dickens is that, boy?

THE OWNER OF THE ONE WHO BIT: That's a hair o' the dog wot bit yer, Mister.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.

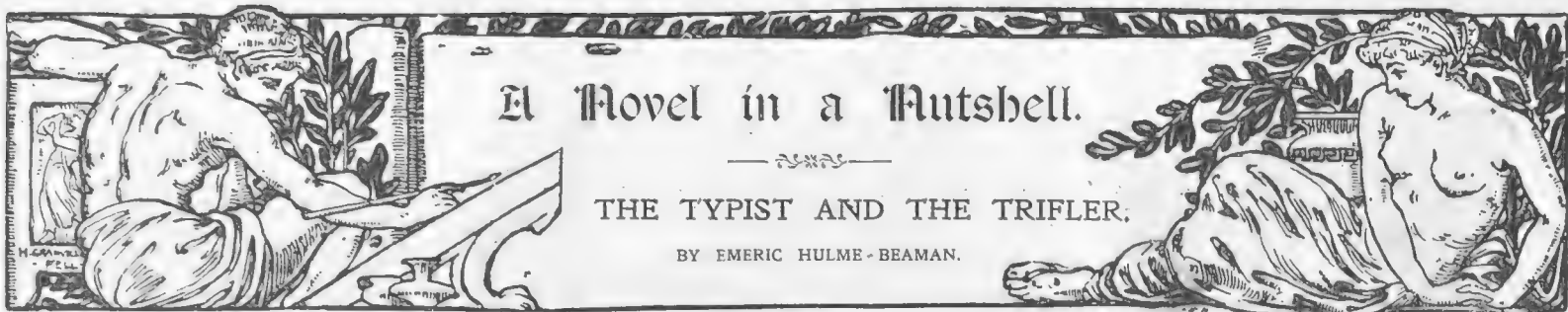
NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.



SAIREY ANN: Now you've bin an' lorst yer penny, fat 'ead.

JOHN JAMES: No, I ain't lost it, silly, 'cos I knows where it is.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



"I WANT to know," said the Trifler, "I just want to know how long he is going to be—that's all."

He seated himself comfortably as he spoke—that is to say, as comfortably as the limitations of office furniture permitted—in the only arm-chair in the room, and, crossing his legs, directed a gracious smile at the Typist, who sat with the fingers of one dainty hand poised impatiently over the keys of the typewriter at the other side of the table which divided them.

"I am sorry I cannot tell you," replied the Typist, gazing pointedly at a heap of unanswered letters before her. "I do not know how long Mr. Calthrop will be exactly."

"Ah," observed the Trifler in a meditative tone, "there are so very few things—are there not?—so very few things in the world that anybody *does* seem to know 'exactly.' Perhaps it has never struck you how difficult it is to acquire exact knowledge of almost anything?"

"No," said the Typist, "it never has."

"I thought it probably hadn't," admitted the Trifler affably. "Yet, take quite a common illustration. If you ask a passer-by the time, he will either tell you off-hand, or he will glance at his watch—if he is a polite person—and tell you that it is about half-past three, say, or twenty minutes to six—as the case may be—whereas, in point of fact, it never is within five minutes of the time he asserts. His watch is wrong, or he hasn't taken the trouble to count the divisions on the dial between each five minutes. What a wonderful thing that typewriter of yours is!"

"This typewriter?" She looked up at him with mild surprise. "Why, it is quite an ordinary one—a Smith Premier."

"Indeed? You surprise me!" said the Trifler, leaning forward and regarding the machine attentively. "It seems to have such a lot of little white buttons on it. I had no idea—A Smith junior, did you say?"

"Smith Premier," corrected the typist with asperity. "Those buttons, as you call them, are the keys."

"Can you—er—can you *play* anything on it?" hazarded the Trifler diffidently.

"*Play* anything! What on earth do you mean?" she demanded, fixing a scornful eye upon him.

"Well—that is—I mean, can you make it *do* anything—write things down properly, for instance? Of course, I know it's not precisely what you would call a musical instrument—I was forgetting for the moment—" He paused, and surveyed the typewriter resentfully. "What a pity, by the way, that it isn't!" he added.

"I don't see that it is a pity at all," said the Typist. "It's meant to type, not to play tunes on."

"I suppose so," agreed the Trifler, a little regretfully. "And you really *can* write with it?"

"Well, I should not be here if I couldn't," retorted the Typist; "should I?"

"I don't know," said the Trifler. "I'm here, and I can't."

"Oh, that's quite different. Besides"—she glanced at him defiantly—"what are you here for?"

"For the matter of that," replied the Trifler, meeting her glance with unruffled composure, "what are *you* here for?"

The Typist coloured violently, and her eyes dropped again to the pile of letters in front of her.

"I think that is rather an impertinent question," she said, in a low tone.

The Trifler gave an audible sigh.

"It seemed to me rather a pertinent one," he remarked, in a disappointed voice. "Of course, you know what I'm here for?"

"To see Mr. Calthrop—you told me. But he's not in—I told you."

"It doesn't matter at all," rejoined the Trifler airily. "I'll wait. I have nothing to do for the next hour or so, and this is—er"—he gazed round the room with expansive appreciation—"an extraordinarily comfortable office."

The Typist glanced up at him in dismay.

"But," she protested, "I have! I've a great deal to do. And you—you really can't wait—here."

"I don't see where *else* I can wait," he objected. "Still, if you have really a lot to do, I wouldn't for the world disturb you. I'll sit quite quiet and—and look at the fire."

The Typist shrugged her little shoulders, and, without a word, began to type at a prodigious rate. The Trifler turned his chair round, and conscientiously stared at the fire. For several minutes

not a sound broke the silence of the room save the persistent and aggressive clicking of the typewriter. Then, almost imperceptibly, the Trifler's chair shifted round again to its former position.

"It's simply extraordinary," he remarked, in a detached tone, "how anybody can manage to hit the buttons correctly at such a terrific pace. I wish I could."

"I beg your pardon?" said the Typist, glancing at him coldly.

"Oh—did I speak?" asked the Trifler in surprise. "I'm so sorry. It was quite accidental. I have a stupid habit sometimes—like George IV., don't you know—of thinking out loud."

"You promised you would look at the fire and keep quiet," said the Typist severely.

"I didn't come here to look at the fire," retorted the Trifler with dignity. "I came here to look at—ahem!—to look at Mr. Calthrop."

"How can you expect me to do my work with you sitting there staring at me and making idiotic remarks?" demanded the Typist, frowning.

"Well, I don't know that I *did* expect it," admitted the Trifler with amiable candour. "It's an awful mistake to expect anything in this world—at least, anything that you particularly want."

"Oh, then you particularly wanted me to go on working?" she retorted, resenting, with true feminine inconsistency, the implied disparagement.

The Trifler lifted his chair back and appeared to ponder.

"It's really rather jolly to watch a pretty girl working," he replied in his most impersonal manner. "I mean," he explained, "when it's nice, becoming sort of work, like typewriting. It's so frightfully clever, I always think, to be able to typewrite. For years I have been meaning to try and learn to do it myself, but—" He waved his hand despairingly and nearly lost his balance in the act of doing so.

"There!" exclaimed the Typist. "I'm certain you will tippie over into the fire in a minute, if you go on tilting your chair back in that silly way. Do be careful!"

The Trifler recovered his balance with a dexterous movement.

"Some chairs," he observed thoughtfully, "are much more difficult to balance on two legs than others. Have you ever remarked that peculiarity? I've made rather a study of balancing chairs, and I flatter myself I am pretty good at it—though, of course, sometimes one comes a cropper, you know. It's really not very difficult. I don't believe," he added conscientiously, "it's nearly as difficult as typewriting, for instance. I wish"—he paused a moment, as though on the brink of a sudden new and enthralling idea—"I wish you would let me have a shot at that typewriter of yours—?"

"A—shot at it?" repeated the Typist, gazing at him blankly.

The Trifler, still impelled, as it were, by the subjugating force of his idea, rose quickly and stepped round to the Typist's chair, where he stood looking over her shoulder at the machine with a sort of hungry fascination.

"I mean—let me try and write something on it," he explained. "Will you?"

"Good gracious—no!" she exclaimed. "Why, you would probably break it!"

"I'll be frightfully careful," he assured her. "Besides, *you* can fix in the paper. All I want to do is to hit the keys."

"I can't. You—you have wasted ten minutes of my time already," protested the Typist.

"Time," murmured the Trifler reflectively, "was made for slaves—some Persian Johnnie said that, didn't he? You're not a slave—and, anyhow, five minutes more won't make much difference."

"I *am* a slave. All persons who have to work for their living are slaves," she replied, with a little defiant ring in her voice. "And five minutes *may* make all the difference in the world. Supposing, for instance, Mr. Calthrop were to come in in the middle of it?"

"He won't," said the Trifler with decision, "because I particularly want to see him. When I particularly want to see a man he never *does* come—for hours. That's a fresh sheet of paper you've just stuck in, isn't it?" he inquired.

"Yes," said the Typist, "it is."

"Thanks," said the Trifler. "Do you mind if I—if I ask you to let me have your chair?—I don't feel as if I could work the machine quite so well standing up—"

She rose with a resigned shrug.

(Continued overleaf.)

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THEM:
IN MEMORY OF THE L.C.C. FLEET.



AN UNPROFITABLE PASSENGER.

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.

"You really are too bad!" she exclaimed, crossing to the fireplace. "Now please—if you insist upon playing with the typewriter—do be careful and not break it—don't touch anything but the keys."

"I won't," agreed the Trifler, as he seated himself in front of the machine and studied it for a moment contemplatively.

"Why do they make the alphabet begin with a 'Q'?" he asked, after a careful examination of the keys.

"I really can't tell you," said the Typist impatiently. "I didn't arrange the letters. Please be quick."

"Rapidity," remarked the Trifler, laboriously striking a letter, "can only come with practice, I fear; but I'll be as quick as I can." He raised the lever, and anxiously scrutinised the printed symbol on the paper.

"Got it the first time!" he exclaimed with undisguised satisfaction. "I don't believe it's as difficult as balancing chairs, after all."

"Have you finished?" demanded the Typist, without turning her head.

"Pretty nearly," replied the Trifler, carefully searching the keys for the next letter. "Only don't interrupt me, please—it's so confusing to talk and type at the same time. It's frightfully hard," he added, "finding the letters when they are all jumbled up together in this stupid way. Let me see, 'o'—where's 'o'?" Ah, got it again! I could write much faster," he explained, punctuating his words with slow, deliberate clicks, "if the letters were arranged in their proper alphabetical order, you know. U—u—u . . . I say, there isn't a 'u' on this machine."

He gazed across at the Typist with an expression of mournful protest.

"All the letters are there," she answered. "You have only got to—to discover them. It's much easier than—balancing chairs, I am sure."

"It's less risky," conceded the Trifler. "And since you say so, I suppose there is a 'u' hidden away somewhere—" He concentrated his attention once more on the keys, and then, with an audible sigh of relief, struck another letter and tilted up the cylinder to survey the completed effect of his work.

"It's simply wonderful!" he remarked. "I don't believe anybody living could have written it better—I don't indeed. Do you?"

"I can't tell till I have seen it," retorted the Typist. "But if you have quite finished—"

"Quite," said the Trifler cheerfully. "All I want to know now is how to pull the paper out again—so that I can show it you."

"Oh, you just press down that little spring at the left and pull. But I really am not curious to see it," she added indifferently.

The Trifler carefully extracted the sheet of paper from the cylinder, and rising, stepped buoyantly towards her with it in his hand.

"You positively must!" he declared. "I was never so proud of anything in my life. There isn't a single mistake in the whole three words, not even in the spelling. There!"

He handed the slip of paper to the Typist as he spoke, and stood regarding her with a vague expectancy while she glanced at it.

"Not a single mistake," he added, a thought anxiously.

The Typist coloured; then, crushing the paper slowly in her hand, she threw it on the fire and watched it burn for a few moments without speaking.

"Why did you write those words?" she asked at length, still gazing at the fire. "Was it to—to insult me?"

"To—insult you!" The Trifler made a quick step forward, and his manner changed. "To insult—*you*?" he repeated, with a curious tenseness in his voice.

She turned and confronted him, her eyes flashing.

"Then it was a bad joke, Mr. Clavering! An—an impertinent joke!" she exclaimed.

The Trifler folded his arms, and his eyes met hers with a certain calm appreciation in their gaze.

"It was neither," he remarked. "If there is one thing I am incapable of, it is a joke—good, bad, or indifferent. It wasn't a joke at all. It wasn't meant to be."

"Then—" she began, and stopped with a sudden consciousness of acute embarrassment beneath the unwavering gaze of her companion.

"Precisely," said the Trifler calmly. "It was the other thing, you know. Grim earnest. There was no mistake at all. That was why I typed it—so that there could be no possibility of mistake, you understand."

"Hadh't you—better go?" asked the Typist in a low tone.

"Go! Before seeing Calthrop? Why, he would never forgive me," protested the Trifler. "I couldn't really dream of going yet. Besides—" He paused—and glanced at the crackling remnants of the sheet of paper. "What a pity you burnt it!" he sighed. "I'm sure I shall never type anything so well again."

"I don't see that there is any 'besides' to keep you here," said the Typist, ignoring the side issue.

"They say love is blind," murmured the Trifler, with an air of philosophic abstraction.

"I don't understand you!" said the Typist, drawing herself up.

"I am not in the least surprised at that," said the Trifler amiably.

"Very few people do. It has long been my fate to be misunderstood. Yet I thought the words were clearly enough typed," he added thoughtfully.

"I wasn't referring to those," she explained, with a touch of hauteur. "I meant the—the—" She paused and bit her lip.

"The—er—quotation?" suggested the Trifler obligingly.

"Well, the fact is, I hoped"—he, too, paused, and looked at the Typist a little uneasily. "I *hoped*," he repeated—"by-the-bye, there is no harm in hoping, is there?" he broke off to inquire.

"None that I am aware of," she replied, with her chin in the air.

"Well, then, I *hoped* you *did*," he explained, in italics.

"Hoped—I—*did*?" She affected an admirable bewilderment.

"Hoped I did what?"

The Trifler spread out his hands with a gentle deprecating gesture.

"You compel me to be explicit," he expostulated. "It's so much less embarrassing to approach these—er—preliminaries in the elliptical manner. Except," he added as an afterthought, "when you have a typewriter handy!"

"I have no wish to compel you to be anything," retorted the Typist. "And it is quite time I returned to my work; so if you will kindly allow me, Mr. Clavering—" She made him a little ironical bow, and was in the act of sweeping past when the Trifler with incredible dexterity caught her by the wrists and drew her back sideways so that she faced him involuntarily.

"How dare you?" cried the Typist, struggling to free herself.

"I am a man of simply extraordinary courage," he explained. "Now, look here—look at me—look me straight in the eyes! What I typed on that paper was perfectly true, and you know it—and you have known it, you obstinate, wilful girl, for months past! I love you. Oh, yes, I love you—there isn't the least mistake about that whatever. But what I want to know is whether you love *me*? And I have come here to-day for the purpose of finding out. And—and I believe"—he gave a low cluck—"I believe I *have* found out! Tell me—have I?"

"Oh, let me go! I don't know what you have found out, or what you haven't!" pleaded the Typist, her cloak of dignity falling suddenly from her and leaving her defenceless and exposed to the arrows of the one great enemy whom never girl vanquished yet.

"Let me go—please!"

"I thought so," murmured the Trifler. "You do."

"I don't," she protested.

"Then I can't let you go till you do," he remarked judiciously.

"I'm very sorry."

"Oh—well, then, if you must—if you insist—"

"I insist," said the Trifler firmly.

"Well, then, you—you *have*."

"You mean—you *do*?" he inquired.

"It's—it's the same thing, isn't it?" faltered the Typist.

"Practically," he admitted, after an instant's reflection. "The proposition therefore stands thus: I love you—you love me. Ergo, we love each other. The proposition, by a logical sequence of ideas, becomes converted into a proposal. Which you accept."

"I didn't say so," answered the Typist.

"Say so now, then," directed the Trifler.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked, temporising.

"I want you to marry me. I hope you don't mind marrying me? It is, I believe, the usual thing under the circumstances."

"Marry you!" She gave a low little laugh. "But you know I am only a poor typist, and you—you are—*what* are you, I wonder?" She paused to reflect.

"My friends," he replied, "have most unwarrantably got into the habit of calling me a Trifler. A man's friends are rarely distinguished for an exaggerated courtesy in their estimates of him. My enemies"—he considered an instant—"well, I cannot at the moment recollect that I *have* any enemies. In actual fact, I am an individual of extreme earnestness and with an absorbing passion for acquiring knowledge—and other things; you among them. Since you left home, a week or two ago, and decided to exist independently in a small though luxurious suite of apartments of your own, you see I could not very well, being a young and giddy bachelor, call upon you, being a young and bewilderingly lovely spinster, at your own private residence, without running some risk of offending the proprieties. And so I was obliged, you understand, to come here to this office in order to—well, to find out what I wanted."

"You said you—you came to see Mr. Calthrop!" retorted the Typist a little resentfully.

"I shall see him—later," replied the Trifler, with an airy gesture. "The fact is, I have already seen him. Calthrop is a pretty intimate friend of mine, and he arranged to give me a clear hour alone with you in the office this morning; he won't be back for"—the Trifler carefully consulted his watch—"for another ten minutes at least."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Typist, "you—you wicked *Fraud*! Then you actually had the audacity to arrange it all with Mr. Calthrop beforehand?"

The Trifler smiled with infinite complacency as he folded the Typist closer into his frock-coat.

"Actually!" he replied. THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

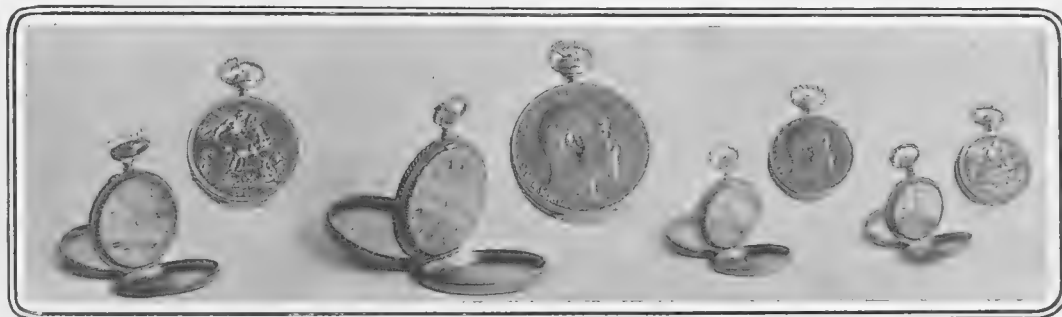
MR. JUSTICE DARLING, the Judge whom Fate selected to try the Murray v. *Times* libel suit, is one of those literary jurists who are also wits. He has published three books, of which, perhaps, "Meditations in the Tea-Room" is the most popular. He is noted for his epigrammatic wit, "Order 14 is Heaven's first law" being one of his aphorisms, which, perhaps, most appeals to lawyers. At St. Stephen's he is affectionately remembered as having observed one evening, "I have noticed that

with 10 per cent. commission on new ones. Out of the "Holy Grail" Tennyson made £6000 in this way, from this firm. Afterwards he got £4000 a year from King and Co. for the old works. They were the first to print

a complete edition of the poems, and sold 100,000, at 7s. 6d., in next to no time.

Politics and Philanthropy.

Lord Haversham, who presides this afternoon at the annual meeting of the Factory Girls' Country Holiday Fund, was Sir Arthur Hayter so long that it is still a little difficult to



WATCHES MADE OF FIVE-POUND-PIECES AND OTHER COINS.

The latest freak in timepieces is the coin watch. This, as may be seen from our photographs, has a case made of a hollowed coin—in some cases a five-pound-piece; in others, a sovereign or a half-sovereign.



ACTUALLY NOT AS SALOME: MISS MAUD ALLAN, WHOSE DANCING HAS CAUSED A SENSATION.

Photograph by Rentlinger.

lately the party opposite, adopting an ancient precedent, have set up a greater light to rule the day and a lesser light to rule the night," the point being that Mr. Gladstone had spoken by day and a much smaller man had been "put up" after dinner.

Tennyson's Chief Word.

After reading Mr. John Murray's interesting evidence in his suit against the *Times*, there is one question one would like to have an opportunity of putting to him. What would it cost to produce a concordance to Tennyson? Mr. Murray is authority for the statement that no ordinary fount of type sufficed for printing the works of the poet. The first thing the printer had to do was to lay in a new

recognise him by the style which he took when, with the advent of the new Government, the King made him a peer. His wife, too, enjoyed the warm friendship and admiration of her husband's chief. "I fell in love with Lady Hayter last night," said one of the Grand Old Man's enthusiastic lieutenants, after a party given by her at which they had both been present. "You mean that she is a woman whom you hold in particularly high esteem," was the fatherly reproof of Gladstone.

A Veteran Portrait Painter.

Many members of the Court world, including two of the Queen's Maids-of-Honour, Lord Suffield, and the Marquise d'Hautpoul, were among the smart crowd who gathered together at the private view of Mr. Edward Hughes' picture show in Mount Street last Wednesday. Mr.



PAINTED IN THE INDIAN MANNER BY A GERMAN ARTIST: MISS RUTH ST. DENIS, THE DANCER.

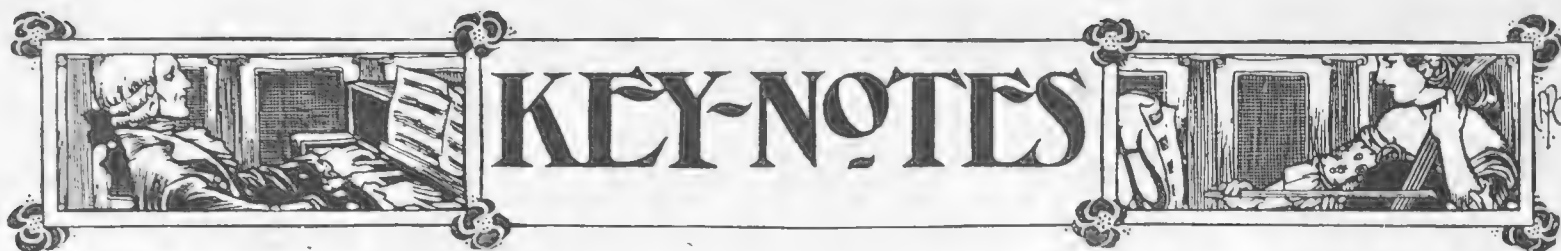
From a painting by Professor Richard Guhr.

stock of "I's" and "v's," with which to reinforce the founts already possessed by him. The reason is that the word "love" occurs so frequently in Tennyson's works! No matter what the printer's bill, Tennyson did very well out of his work. Strachan and Co., on taking over his books, paid him £25,000 in five years for the right to publish those which had appeared up to that time, and contented themselves



QUEENS WHO ARE COMMONERS: SAN SEBASTIAN'S QUEENS OF BEAUTY.

Hughes is showing there a full-length portrait of the bride-elect of the moment, Miss Jean Whitelaw Reid, and a very dainty counterfeit presentment of Miss Vivian. Mr. Hughes, who has painted the Queen no fewer than four times, was a fellow-student of Millais; he is a great worker, and French critics declare that in centuries to come he will be considered the equal of Gainsborough and Romney.



MISS SMYTH'S new opera, "The Wreckers," is to supply the material for a concert by the London Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Herr Nikisch, at the end of the month, but the prelude to the second act has been heard in town already; it was given at the Queen's Hall last week by the same conductor and players. The composer, whose work could hardly have been more favourably received, has been influenced very considerably by modern thought and expression in music. She writes with clear knowledge of the technique of more than one instrument, and secures striking effects. But it would be hard to find in the brief example of her work submitted to the public a few days ago any clear, uninvolved musical thought, any definite melody with a beginning, a middle, and an end. Such things may be despised by the elect, but we have yet to find the opera that can reach and hold the public without them. Clever music can find a hearing in advanced musical circles, but there must be definite qualities of heart as well as brain in work that is to establish itself in the public favour. Most of what we have heard of Miss Smyth's work in times past is clever and interesting, but it does not seem to be inevitable or to have any intimate association with the matter it illustrates. Perhaps the concert at the month's end will do more justice to "The Wreckers." It is, of course, very difficult, if not impossible, to present dramatic music with all due effect in a modern concert-hall.

Ysaÿe and Pugno should prove as attractive a combination as Gerhardt and Nikisch. There are paths in the land of violin-playing wherein Ysaÿe walks alone to-day, and the greatest among his contemporaries recognise the fact without bitterness.

Raoul Pugno is worthy of association with Ysaÿe, and some of us who have heard him in Paris have often regretted the rarity of his visits to London. Just as Pachmann stands for Chopin, so Pugno stands for Mozart. There is something fresh, rare, and illuminating about Pugno's readings of Mozart's works; one sees the master in a new light.

Some players are specialists in spite of themselves, despite the catholicity of their taste. Conductors are similarly influenced by the personality of one master. Richter is under the spell of Wagner and Beethoven; Henry Wood is perhaps at his best when he interprets Tchaikovsky. We venture to think that Nikisch stands alone as an interpreter of Brahms, and M. Colonne need fear no rival in revealing the splendour of Berlioz. By the way, M. Pugno is a

Opera flourishes as cheerfully as the bay-trees that decorate the smoker's corner of the foyer, and every performance is given with a scrupulous attention to detail and a perfection of finish that compare favourably with the work done at the best opera-houses of the other European capitals. It cannot be

denied that some of the operas, such works as "Traviata" and "Luciadi Lammermoor," are dreadfully old-fashioned, and have long ceased to claim serious attention as works of art; but they are given as well as it is possible to give them, and the house cannot accommodate all who clamour at the box-office for admission. Vocal agility of the most obvious type has its wealthy supporters, and those who pay the piper have every right to call the tune. It is fair to add that in the two trivial works named Mme. Tetrazzini has done all that is humanly possible to introduce and sustain a dramatic interest, and she has been aided by singers like MM. Marak and Sammarco, the former establishing and the latter maintaining a fine reputation.

The special Wagner performances under Dr. Richter have been singularly complete, and many people have been heard to regret the breaking of the "Ring." The "Rheingold" and "Siegfried" would have found many supporters, but the Syndicate sacrificed its right to give them now for the sake of the early season, in which they were performed in English, and their policy will doubtless justify itself when the complete "Ring" is given again at Covent Garden. Of the new-comers, Frau Rüsche-Endorf is perhaps the most valuable recruit. Her Sieglinde in "Die Walküre" and her Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser" are really distinguished creations, beautifully sung, and interpreted with dramatic intelligence of the first order. All the German operas have been happily timed; there is an ample interval for dinner when the longer ones are given, and the ventilation of the house is studied carefully. But the darkness that falls upon the auditorium must recall to late comers, and to those whose feet are trodden down by them, the plague that befell the Egyptians in days of old. If people came late of malice aforethought, they would stand outside the pale of compassion; but trains will be unpunctual and thoroughfares will be blocked, and the penalty imposed upon unpunctuality is a very heavy one.

The Philharmonic Society is moving with the times, and in following the example of the London Symphony Orchestra and seeking the services of different conductors from time to time it is securing a certain welcome variety in the interpretation of master-pieces. The programme for to-morrow night's concert is a singularly attractive one, and with Nikisch in the conductor's seat and Mme. Gerhardt as the soloist the evening should be a memorable one in the society's annals.

COMMON CHORD.



THE BALFE CENTENARY: THE HOUSE IN PITT STREET, DUBLIN, IN WHICH THE FAMOUS COMPOSER WAS BORN ON MAY 15, 1803.

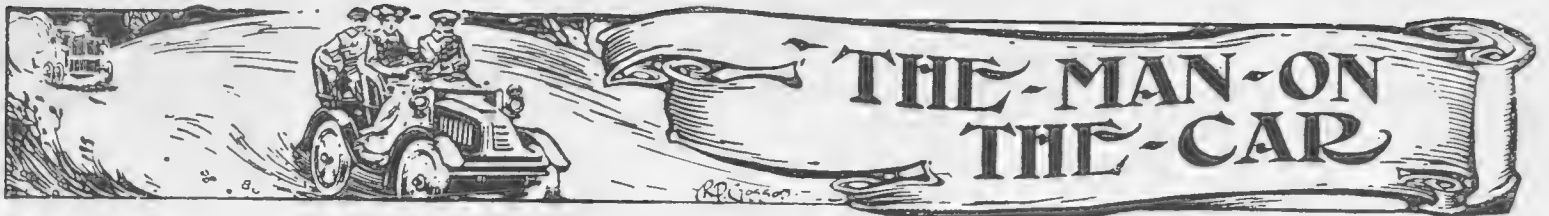
Photograph by J. King.

composer of much delightful music of the lighter sort; he has written pantomime plays and ballets and comic operas as well as various works for the piano and some charming songs.



MUSIC AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY: MISS DOROTHEA CROMPTON, BY FRANK O. SALISBURY, R.B.A.

Particular interest attaches at the moment to the portrait of Miss Dorothea Crompton, daughter of the late Principal of Heatherley's Art School, which is now hung in the Academy, in view of the fact that Miss Crompton is to give a recital at the Bechstein Hall to-morrow (Thursday). She will sing a number of English ballads, and songs by Bach, Schubert, and Wagner.



JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., GETS TO WORK—THE CONTINENTAL VINET RIMS QUITE INNOCUOUS—A DAIMLER IN AUSTRALIA: NO TERROR IN SAND-DRIFTS—WATER FOR WASHING CARS—LONG-DISTANCE POLICE-TRAPS AND THE BRIGHTON HOTEL PROPRIETORS.

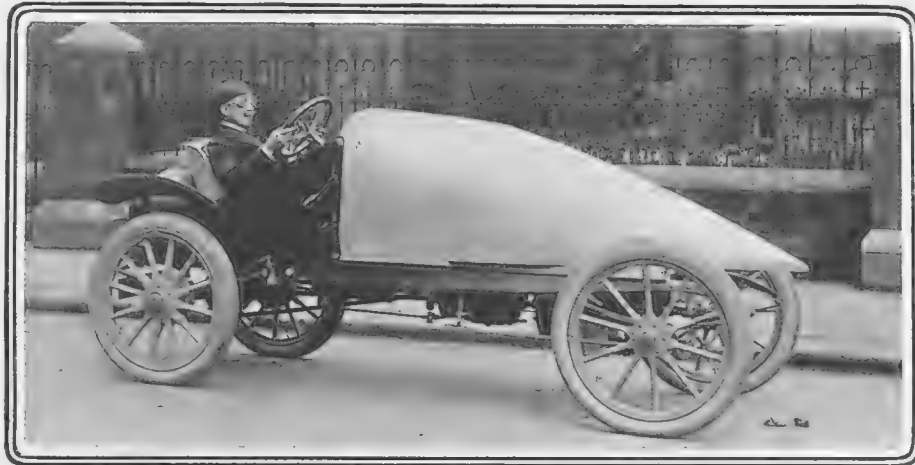
MR. JOYNSON-HICKS, as President of the Motor Union, has lost no time in using his position as a Member of Parliament to put in some good work on behalf of motorists.

In view of the introduction of the Budget, he addressed a letter to all the Members of the House of Commons, and accompanied it with a pamphlet dealing generally with the subject of the taxation of road vehicles, and setting out the policy of the Motor Union in relation thereto. The terms of this communication suggested that, in the opinion of the Motor Union, no sufficient reason can be shown for any additional taxation of motor-cars; but, in the event of any additional taxation being imposed, the Motor Union concurs in the view that has been expressed by some six hundred local authorities—that the taxation derived from motor and other vehicles should be paid into a central fund, and distributed as grants-in-aid to local authorities towards the improvement of the roads.

Advantage has been taken of the recent Mercédès-Napier accident at Brooklands to suggest the prohibition of the use of detachable rims secured by means of nuts and bolts on the wheels of racing-cars at Brooklands. The motive underlying this proposition is not far to seek; but its adoption is quite improbable, for the reason that careful examination of the rims of Mr. Resta's Mercédès after the accident showed that the ends of the bolts securing the detachable rim are nearly flush with the wall of the tyre, and that the axle-cap projects considerably beyond these. It is therefore altogether unfair to instance this accident, for which Mr. Resta and his car were altogether blameless, as condemnatory of the Continental Vinet method of fitting detachable rims, which have already proved their extreme utility and security in a number of first-class Continental racing events.

Mr. E. E. Wagstaff, of Bourke Street, Melbourne, made lately a most interesting and exciting trip on his 36-h.p. Daimler, through the West and North-Western districts of Victoria and across the border into South Australia as far as Mount Gambier. Only those who know their Australia can realise what this means with a car of the above-named calibre. During the nine hundred miles covered, Mr. Wagstaff was

forced to negotiate sixteen miles of drift sand. Only one or two small cars had got through previously, so the chance of the big Daimler effecting a passage was thought to be very small. Indeed, Mr. Wagstaff took several large bets on the point. Nevertheless, he succeeded, covering the distance between Casterton and Mount Gambier (forty-two miles, including the above-named sixteen miles of drift sand) in a little over three hours. Mr. Wagstaff was bogged no fewer than three times, but by aid of a spade and some tackle carried, he managed to win through. Which all speaks volumes for the staunch Daimler.



BY NO MEANS AS FORMIDABLE AS IT LOOKS: AN 8-H.P. REYNOLD-JACKSON FITTED WITH A RACING BONNET.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

should cause the matter to be inquired into by the light of Section XII. of the Waterworks Act, 1863. This section makes it clear that where carriages are kept for private use

Owners of motor-cars who find themselves mulcted in a special water-rate for water used in washing their cars by the light of Section XII. of the Waterworks Act, 1863. This section makes it clear that where carriages are kept for private use (which includes motors), the water so used comes within the domestic supply, and cannot be charged for by an extra levy. It is the Scottish Automobile Club we have to thank for diving into this question, and for pointing out that in the case of any companies or Corporations having private Acts, by the incorporation of the Waterworks Act, 1863, in such Acts—and in the case of most of them this has been done—no charge can legally be made for water used for the cleansing of motor-cars.



EVIDENTLY FOR MATINÉE WEAR! A LARGE RACING BONNET ON AN 8-H.P. CAR.

Many private owners of small cars are now taking interest in racing, and matches for small cars are frequently arranged. Thus it has come about that the owner of this 8-h.p. Reynold-Jackson has fitted his car with the large racing bonnet shown.—*(Photograph by the Topical Press.)*

presently find a woeful shrinkage in their daily and week-end takings. Already Ramsgate, Folkestone, and Dover are suggested in lieu of Brighton, and if Brighton is dropped out of the motor habit—for habit it is largely—the ratepayers and hotel proprietors will only have Captain Sant to thank.

The adoption of long-distance police-traps on main roads will impose the immediate study of divergent alternative routes upon automobilists. Thanks to the network of highways by which this kingdom is intersected, there are numerous routes between distant points; and there are, happily, more ways of evading police-traps than the police can cover. It is on the much-vexed Brighton road that this most vexatious system has been adopted, and if the practice of Easter Monday is to be persisted in, the hotel proprietors of Brighton will

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DERBY—CHEAP STANDS—LOOKING AHEAD.

DESPITE his defeat for the Guineas, I am looking forward to seeing Perrier win the Derby. The Blue Ribbon of the Turf will be run for at Epsom on June 3, when there should be a record crowd of the Upper Ten present, while the rank-and-file of race-goers are certain to turn up in their thousands. When Persimmon carried the royal colours to victory, in 1896, I stood in Barnard's ring, not a couple of yards from the judge, to see the finish of the race, and I could see that the neck verdict in favour of the royal horse was clearly gained. Two days later I went down, hoping to see Thais win the Oaks, but she was only second to Canterbury Pilgrim, who was dubbed by one of the royal Princesses, "that wretched creature." I remember when Persimmon, as a two-year-old, won the Coventry Stakes at Ascot. Before the race the late Duke of Cambridge came into the paddock, leaning on the arm of the Earl of Rosebery, to look over the youngster, and his Royal Highness's verdict was, "Evidently useful." The late Tom White, who was present, told me that he never saw a likelier Derby winner, which showed that poor Tom was no mean judge. It is often said that his Majesty has met with cruel luck at racing of late years. So he has, but I fancy that the thoroughbreds owned by the King have more than paid their way, if we take into consideration the profits got out of the breeding establishment at Sandringham; and it would be a great piece of luck if Perrier were to be a second Persimmon at the stud. We must not forget that Perrier has not won the Derby yet. But I, for one, am certain that he will do better at Epsom than he did at Newmarket, when running for the Guineas.

Those who have seen the cheap stand at Ascot say that it will be the making of the royal meeting, as it is certain to attract a big crowd of middle-class sportsmen, who up to now have not patronised the meeting. I have for years advised racecourse officials to play up to the gallery, and it is a matter for congratulation to find that

which, under present conditions, is somewhat out of place. Readers may perhaps remember that I have for years agitated for better accommodation for the half-crown people at Goodwood. This could be brought about by running the cheap ring right down to the racecourse rails, and a temporary stand could be easily and cheaply improvised by the aid of a little iron roofing and a few substantial planks placed under the trees. As it is, backers in this ring get soaked to the skin in wet weather, while they are huddled together like sheep in a pen.

Already offers are out at 50 to 1 on the field for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and seeing that the first-named race is not run before Oct. 14, and the Cambridgeshire a fortnight later, this seems a little too previous. One firm offers 2000 to 1 against anyone finding the winners of the double event, and as the entries are not due until the end of July, these odds are not too liberal. It is often easy to find the winner of the long-distance race, as there are so few stayers in training; but one generally likes to see the Ascot Stakes run before venturing on a tip for the Cesarewitch; while as for the Cambridgeshire, I always suggest, when in any doubt, waiting until the day, and then backing the favourite. It can, however, be taken for granted that there is a growing demand for future-event betting, or the supply would not be forthcoming. Despite the fact that not a dozen of the hundreds of thousands of merry little doubles made synchronise, the public are content to "put 'em up again," as they say in the sporting classics, and, with the hope of "better luck next time," they return to the fray whenever opportunity offers. I once just missed a big double through an unfortunate accident. I had backed St. Gatien for the Cesarewitch and Florence for the Cambridgeshire, and had induced a friend of mine to back the double, but deferred my double investment until after a visit to headquarters. I met some painters who were operating on the rails, and they had seen a trial. They said that they were able to



A CONQUEROR IN THE ATTITUDE OF A GREAT CONQUEROR: TOMMY BURNS AS THE NAPOLEON OF BOXING.

During last week there was much talk of the offer of a purse of £2500 made by the National Sporting Club for a match between Burns and Jack Johnson. At the same time Mr. Jacobs, of Wonderland, offered to put up a purse of £3000 for a similar match.

Cambridgeshire, and had induced a friend of mine to back the double, but deferred my double investment until after a visit to headquarters. I met some painters who were operating on the rails, and they had seen a trial. They said that they were able to



A GLADIATOR OF OLD ROME.



A MODERN FIGHTING MAN.



A GLADIATOR OF OLD ROME.

THE FIGHTING MEN OF OLD ROME AND OF TO-DAY: A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE.

There is scarcely need for us to emphasise the remarkable resemblance between the modern fighting man whose photograph we give and the Roman gladiators whose likenesses are here reproduced from old mosaics.

many of these have determined to move with the times. The cheap ring at Sandown is well filled at each meeting, yet a few years back the "common" people were not welcomed at Esher. The half-crown ring at Kempton Park is always well filled, and I hope that, in the course of time, the managers of this meeting will take steps to give the users of Tattersall's ring the benefit of the Grand Stand,

tell me the winner of the shorter handicap if I could give them the probable winner of the Cesarewitch. I gave them St. Gatien, and they returned the compliment with Tonans. The latter ran third to Florence, and kept me off a big double.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday Tips will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Lady Edward Cecil on Clothes.

Lady Edward Cecil—always, from her first youth, one of the most gracefully attired of her sex—roundly indicts her countrywomen this month in that patriotic magazine the *National Review*. In dress, as in everything else, she declares, the Germans are getting the better of us. It is for Berlin and Frankfort, for Hambourg and Dresden that the most exquisite models are prepared in Paris, in the work-rooms of the great dressmakers. Moreover, Englishwomen, she says, are apathetic about personal adornment, possessing neither the art nor the patience to achieve the dazzling effect attained by women of other nations and inferior beauty. "They will not," she goes on, "take the trouble or spend the necessary thought on arrangement." Now why should this thing be? Perhaps the most salient reason is that Englishmen do not notice how their women-folk are dressed. A female Briton may pass sleepless nights and laborious days evolving some beautiful garment, and when it is at last created, her masculine belongings will tell her vaguely that she "looks all right," or, if they disapprove, will ask her bluntly "what she has got that thing on for?" To dress for such a race is disheartening, for in personal adornment we want to be repeatedly encouraged by praise. The Frenchwoman, on the other hand, knows that she will excite masculine admiration—or, at any rate, discriminating comment—not only in her own home, but the moment she emerges, *tirée à quatre épingles*, out of her front door. Thus she passes her life facing the footlights, challenging attention, and triumphantly earning the reputation of being, up to forty-five, the best turned-out woman in the world. But it is the passionate solicitude of her countrymen which makes her so.

Wagner and Sociability.

If the lengthier Wagner operas become not only a pose of the Intellectuals but a confirmed fashion, there will be an end to sociability in the season. Every London woman knows that the only hour at which she can see her masculine friends in any sort of intimacy is the hour of five o'clock. Yet nowadays that time in the afternoon finds many of the most charming men in Society seated (in pitch darkness) at Covent Garden, instead of conveying the *potins* of the town over the tea-table. The "Walküre" and "Götterdämmerung" are more attractive to the megalomaniac than Woman, and men who could always be found—by telephone—at their clubs in Pall Mall are no longer available. Like Ludwig II. of Bavaria, they are thrall to the great Magician, and the most engaging ladies in London are left without those tributes of personal attention so dear to the sex. It is a parlous state of affairs, and may become worse, in which case the Early Victorian fashion of breakfasts will have to be re-introduced.

A Long Life, and a Dull One.

Professor Metchnikoff has most ingenious theories about the prolongation of life, and has even evolved a scheme of existence by which you can score your century and over with ease; but the drawback seems to be that, to achieve this end, you have to be

so careful that life is not worth living. There must be no roses and raptures, no cakes and ale, and ginger must not be permitted to be hot in the mouth, even when the experimenter is only five-and-twenty. The great Professor would be horrified at the poet's boast that he had "warmed both hands before the fire of life," for at best a mild and uniform atmosphere would be all that was permitted to the aspiring centenarian. Mr. Pinero once said that "the world is made up of people of forty," and if the great Russian physiologist could double the time of youth between twenty and two-score he would earn the gratitude of mankind. But no! Under the new régime, folks would begin to feel the apathy of middle-age just as they do now, and life would be prolonged, with doubtful benefit, from the seventies to the age of Methuselah. The prospect leaves one cold, unless young things rising one hundred could be persuaded to retire (which

they would probably refuse to do) in favour of the juveniles of seventy or so. And all that would be left for the infants of thirty would be to commit

suicide. The *coup d'œil* of a London drawing-room under the Metchnikoff régime, with dowagers of ninety-five still "going strong," fighting for precedence, and attired in all the bravery which we connect with the forties, would be one to intimidate the stoutest soul and give the most light-hearted hostess pause.

Those Girls!

It is a notable sign of the times that prudent parents are beginning to recognise that, if they cannot give their girl a dowry or a competence, they should at least teach her a trade or bring her up to a profession, and the Demonstration Exhibition on "What to do with our girls," which is to be held at Prince's Skating Rink, will bring this homely truth before a somewhat apathetic British public. The list of useful occupations

which a young person can learn nowadays is bewildering in its variety. Some of them, a while ago, would not have been accounted "feminine." Motor-driving and jam-making, fencing and artificial-flower manufacture, rifle-shooting and lace-making seem oddly assorted occupations when placed alongside in a list; but they prove the versatility of the modern damsel, for all are described as "suitable for gentlewomen." A girl who could acquire a knowledge of chicken-rearing and gymnastics, dispensing and phrenology, upholstery and poster-drawing, would never want for admirers, and would soon bring all these useful arts to bear on the problem of conjugal life and the domestic hearth.



A PRETTY WHITE NINON-DE-SOIE GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

TO my mind, London is now, and will be for the next four or five weeks at its best. The season will go on until Goodwood, but the freshness will wear off by the middle of June, while at the end of July the grass-hopper will have become a burden to the jaded pleasure-seeker. Dress is charming. It is always a question how things will turn out until May is well in; modes are amongst us, but until then no one quite knows what will be adopted. It is a case of heads up and no mistake. The chief attention is undoubtedly devoted to the head. The dress theme begins at the top this season. In whatever style the hair is dressed and the head hatted, so must the gown be. Some smart women have a different style for every day of the week, others vary their effect only daytime and evening.

The quieter and subtler colours seem to secure the most delightful results. At a lace sale Lady Amptill wore a Princess' dress of dark sapphire-blue voile and net, the voile in graduated bands converging to the waist all down it, the soft net between them. A large hat of blue in the same tone, but a trifle paler in shade, was worn. The brims were of paler blue underneath. The rather high crown was swathed lightly with blue and brown tulle, and along one side was a beautiful soft, rich brown ostrich-feather. A collar of tulle and ostrich-feathers in a pretty shade of sable brown was also worn. There were a number of smart gowns to be seen at this sale, which was held at Mrs. Harry Lawson's charming house in Grosvenor Square. She lent it because she is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Buckinghamshire Lace Association, and the Duchess of Albany, dressed all in black, opened it the first day. Lady Crossley very successfully embodied the new idea of the striped skirt and plain coat. The skirt was of thin cloth, and in faint stripes of Nattier-blue and blue-grey. The coat, one of the new ones, not cut right into the waist at the back, and well rounded away at either side, was of Nattier-blue cloth. A charming, rather high-crowned hat was worn, and the effect was very stylish and of the moment.

Mrs. Harry Lawson wore a beautifully graceful, softly falling gown in long lines from waist to hem of dove-grey marquise, finished very daintily with lace and embroidery, and a bronze straw hat swathed in tissues of metallic-tinted tulle, and finished with pretty feathers in the same colouring. Lady Nunburnholme wore a cloud-grey taffeta mousseline dress. It was made with handkerchief draperies of the silk, widely hemmed, and falling very naturally and gracefully. One fell from the back, giving a becoming Empire effect. Her high-crowned hat of lightly arranged grey tulle was trimmed with what's-o'clocks. Lady Carrington, in carnation-pink cloth with ivory-tinted lace, and a rose-pink hat, looked charming, and so did Mrs. Coningsby Disraeli in a deliciously dainty, springlike dress of harebell-blue zephyr striped with white, and a charming hat to correspond.

Another dress that struck me as excellent was worn by the very pretty and graceful wife of the Spanish Ambassador, Señora de Villa Urrutia, at the exhibition of Spanish pictures at the Grafton Galleries, which is being much talked of. It was in Princess style, fitting almost sheath-like over the hips, and then falling in charmingly soft and graceful folds. The bodice part was slightly pouched and finished with lace and raised grey silk embroidery. A wide-brimmed hat of rich purple chip was worn, with purple and cherry-coloured tulle swathed round the medium high crown, and a deep purple ostrich-plume at the side. A long stole of superb sable lined with ermine was worn.

Although colours are much in evidence, white remains, as it ever will, favourite wear with Englishwomen. On "Woman's Ways" page, a picture of a pretty white ninon-desoie gown will be found. The embroidery is in the semi-classical design which is among the little signs and tokens of the present

season's creations. The flower-embroidery is raised from the surface of the material, and there is a dainty chemisette of tucked white Brussels net, with insertions of lace in the high neck-band.

A clever maid is a pearl without price; mine prides herself on never being at a loss for anything. A friend was complaining sadly that her latest and most ethereal gown was wearing under one arm. Marie promptly asked for it, and returned it intact and with those indispensable and dainty shields of Kleinert's which have won for themselves such popularity, and which wash so well. My friend was much impressed and wants Marie, but cannot by any means have her.

What a delightful occupation at this time—when the call of spring is for all things fresh and dainty—is redecorating. There is an enamel which is simply perfect in effect, and it can be had in any shade of every colour. It is called Sanalene, and is the latest production of the Aspinall Enamel Company. It is labour-saving, produces the most perfect effect, lasts splendidly, and is therefore the most economical and most beautiful of all enamels.

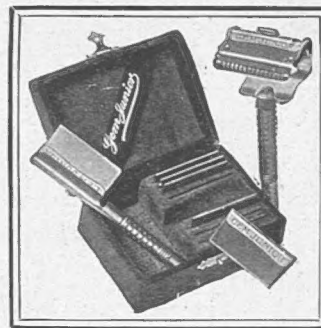
There is no new mode and no novelty in dress which cannot be found charmingly illustrated in "Fashions of To-Day," a daintily produced booklet by Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. From its basket-work-and-ribbon cover, with an artistic pendant in the middle bearing the title, to the last page of directions for shopping by post, it will be found full of interest to members of my sex, and will be sent to anyone who asks for it.

England's emblematic flower is so perfectly perfumed by Dame Nature that, except in the Eastern otto of roses, we have not found it reproduced at all faithfully. The true otto has the oily attribute and the heavy smell peculiar to the East. It has been reserved for the Vinolia Company to produce a Royal Rose perfume which is as soft, refreshing, and entrancing as the smell of the flowers themselves. It marks a great advance in the art of perfumery, and is sure of a warm welcome by perfume-lovers.



THE NEW WINTER GARDEN OF THE HOTEL GREAT CENTRAL, LONDON.

The modern winter-garden, palmarium, palm-court—call it what you may—is the outcome of a modern, and certainly commendable, social fashion. With this fashion the Great Central Hotel has fallen into line by the provision of the winter garden illustrated, which has been furnished by Maple and Co. As a rendezvous there is little doubt that this winter garden will prove itself exceedingly fashionable.



A NEW SAFETY-RAZOR: THE "GEM" JUNIOR, WITH SEVEN BLADES.

Those who like safety-razors will be glad to hear of the placing upon the market of the "Gem" Junior, which, with seven selected blades, is sold for 5s., and with twelve blades for 7s. 6d. Each set is in a well-made case, and includes the nickel-plated frame-holder and stropping-handle, and the blades. Its makers are so certain that it will please that they offer to return any purchaser his money if he is not satisfied with the razor after giving it a week's trial.

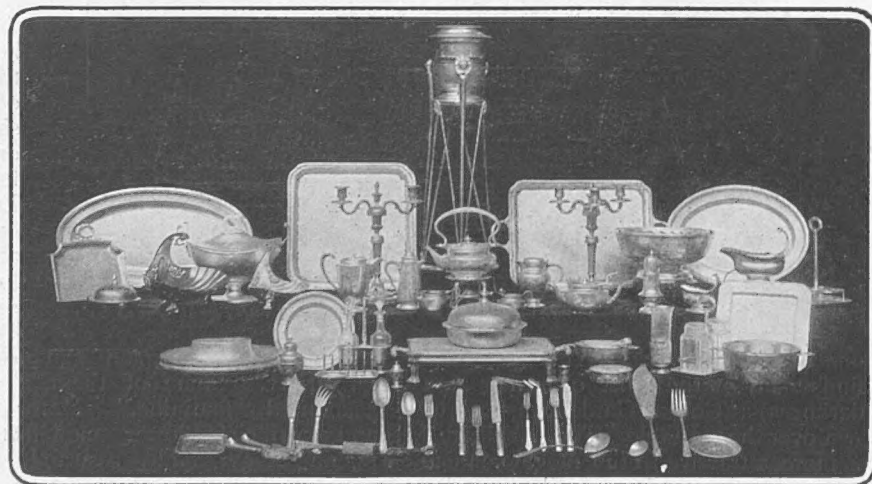


PLATE FOR THE PICCADILLY HOTEL, MADE BY MESSRS. ELKINGTON.

One of the outstanding features of the equipment of the Piccadilly Hotel is the magnificent service of plate specially designed and manufactured by Elkington and Co., Limited. Departing entirely from the heavy, clumsy designs which have often been associated with hotel plate, Messrs. Elkington set themselves to produce a service of equal utility, practical in shape for cleaning purposes, but at the same time as beautiful in design as for a ducal mansion. The design is of the Louis XVI. period.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 27.

MONEY AND THE TRADE RETURNS.

THERE has been no alteration in the Bank Rate at present, but the conditions of ease are making in that direction, and on the Continent rates are going down. The factor which is likely, however, to bring about cheap money more than anything else is the slackness of trade, which becomes more and more evident as each month's Board of Trade returns make their appearance. For the month of April there was a decrease of imports amounting to £9,683,000, and of exports represented by the respectable figure of £3,713,000, and these figures make a far worse showing than those for the earlier months of the year. We have no space in this column to analyse the figures, but the more they are looked at, the more does it become evident that, from a trade point of view, there is no comfort in them, and that all the portents are for the coming of lean times. Now, in the booming days of the Stock Markets, when Consols were at 114 and all gilt-edged securities were at what now seem preposterous prices, trade was bad and people were driven to investment stocks as an outlet for their money. We do not say it is going to be so again; but more surprising things have happened, and it is the man who can read the signs of the times before his neighbours who makes money.

HOW TO TWIST UP AMERICANS.

The advice to "grin and bear them," as applied to American shares, has proved distinctly expensive for some weeks past, profitable as it was six months ago. Mr. Harriman knows too much for the bear party. The spectacle of the market being openly engineered upwards at a fast pace, in order to create a good atmosphere in which to issue blocks of more capital, is one that must make Mr. Pierpont Morgan and some of our other Transatlantic financiers weep with envy. They called it picking up banknotes to buy Unions at 142. So it turned out to be for the time. But how long can this kind of game last? Surely the insiders must be in "up to the neck" with Unions and Southern Pacifics, bought to strengthen the market for the purpose of the new Union issue. How the bonds are received by the public is the crucial point in the present situation. We doubt very much whether they will be taken in their entirety, but we have to write in advance of definite information respecting the terms. There will be a mighty crack in Unions one of these fine days. The man who has the patience, pluck, and capital to follow the shares on the bear tack will come out with flying colours in the long run. It may be a long run, though.

WAITING FOR THE KAFFIR RISE.

Promised last week, the advance in Kaffirs has still to make a demonstration if it intends coming at all. What upset calculations and intentions was the unkind drop in De Beers and other diamond shares. One can sympathise with the promoters of a rise who find that their early efforts to put prices up are nipped in the bud by sharp slumps in kindred shares. Knowledge of the hapless position into which the diamond trade has been forced became common property in the City several weeks ago, and the market is so full of bears that to take in the shares is a matter of difficulty. This naturally reacts upon Kaffir shares, for although the two sections of the mining industry are not directly related, the people who control them are, and that is one reason why Kaffirs cannot be expected to advance while flatness remains in the De Beers market. People ask How Soon the recovery will be in coming to diamond shares. We should not care to prophesy, but it seems to us that the better way to state the question would be—How Long?

INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS.

Bad weather and bad business are interfering greatly with the motor industry at the present time. There may be further falls to come even yet.

Where is that boom in rubber shares that we were told would come in the spring? No signs of it yet—the boom we mean. Nevertheless, it would be wrong to sell rubbers now.

Catering shares are looking healthier. The Lyons dividend might be followed by requests for more capital: one never knows. Liptons should be turned out if they touch 30s. The market "tips" them for that price. Slaters look cheap at 13s. 9d.

Electric lighting issues are weak because the introduction of the new filament lamps will mean a reduction in consumption of current until the cheapness of electricity with good filament lamps is appreciated more widely. Such appreciation will add customers to every Company's list. Meanwhile, however, the changing conditions must affect revenue for a while.

Diesel Engine shareholders must be congratulated upon getting a dividend of 10 per cent. on their holding. The market is so quiet that the price remains about 4s. 6d. for the Ordinary shares.

Telegraph and Cable Companies are doing well, but mostly show increased expenditure that more than balances the advance in

revenue. The Eastern Companies have fine reserves, and no reduction in dividends is likely to take place. It is evident that the directors will do all they can to economise, in view of the trend of business, and all the reports lately issued emphasise the necessity for close attention being paid to expenses.

HARD TO EXPLAIN.

Few can make out why Argentine Railway stocks are so depressed. We frankly admit our own inability to do so. Of course, the steady way in which more, and ever more, new capital has been issued by the various lines may have something to do with the flatness, but cannot account for it all. Complaints about the traffics would be out of place: the figures are good in almost every instance. One dealer in the market ascribes the depression to the stocks having gone rather out of fashion for the time being. Whatever cause, or causes, there may be at work, it is evident that present prices discount a check to the prosperity of the Companies, and as speculative investments, the Ordinary stocks of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario, the Pacific and the Great Southern offer substantial attractions at the present time.

THE GREAT BOULDER PROPRIETARY.

At the recent meeting of the shareholders of the Ivanhoe Gold Corporation, Mr. Govett, the Chairman, formulated a new standard for gauging the value of mining shares; that standard is that the yield of the share should be at least 15 per cent., and that the reserves, not necessarily blocked out, but practically sure, must show a profit equal to the entire capitalisation of the mine, while the prospects of further development must still be good, and the investor's eye ought to be glued to the bottom of the mine. These conditions, difficult as they seem, are met, in Mr. Govett's opinion, by four of the Kalgoorlie mines. I need hardly say, the four mines referred to are the *Ivanhoe* itself, *Kalgurli*, *Great Boulder Proprietary*, and *Golden Horseshoe*. I have on several occasions pointed out in these columns the merits of the first two of these Companies, and need only say now that both are doing extremely well, and are excellent investments of their class; but I should like to refer to-day briefly to the report issued on Wednesday by the Great Boulder Proprietary directors, because, from the price of the shares, it appears that the public have hardly realised the importance of the developments going on in the bottom of the mine. During 1907, 152,118 tons were treated by the mills for a net profit of £332,872, and four dividends of 9d. each were paid, requiring £262,500. The ore reserves at the same time were increased from 548,490 tons to 650,870 tons at the end of 1907—estimated to contain gold of a value of £2,250,000. It is important to note that developments to the 2050-ft. level only have been included in the reserves, although far the most important discovery of the year has taken place at the 2200-ft. level. At Edward's Shaft the cross-cut at the 2200-ft. level showed the lode to be worth 40 dwts. per ton over a width of 7 ft. At the end of 1907 levels had been driven north and south for 42 ft., the value over the whole width of the drive being 43.5 dwts. By Feb. 3, 1908, the levels had been extended on the lode to a total distance of 300 ft., the average value being 29 dwts. for a width of 5 ft., and there remained about 300 ft. to drive on this level. Since Feb. 3 a further 50 ft. has been driven, and the drive of 5 ft. has been regularly in ore assaying 5 oz. per ton (say £20 per ton); a cross-cut on Feb. 28 showed the lode to be 12 ft. wide, assaying 5 oz. I need hardly point out the great importance of this development, which bids fair to revolutionise the estimates formed of the value of the mine. Already the directors have to point out: "The present high-grade ore being driven upon at the 2200-ft. level is rapidly tending to increase the average value of the reserves." It is too early yet to estimate the full importance of this development, and further details will be awaited at the meeting on the 14th inst.; but it is full of promise for the lower levels of the mines in this field. The average value of the ore-reserves at the end of 1907 was higher than the average of the ore being treated, and this discovery of high-grade ore will enable the manager to raise the general average of ore sent to the mills, while it is also proposed to increase the milling capacity to 180,000 tons per annum. The result will be a considerable advance in dividends in future years.

P.S.—Important news has come in this week regarding the Taquah Mining and Exploration Company, which bids fair to develop into a property of great value.

Saturday, May 9, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ANGEL.—We have sent you the name and address of the brokers. You may rely on them.

CIVIS (Oxon).—We think most of the business of the people you inquire about is pushing shares of concerns over which they have options at prices below those at which they offer the shares. So far as we know they always pay, but their interest and that of their clients is not identical.

PHENIX.—We have made inquiries and still stick to our opinion as expressed in our former answer. Which of the two stocks is the more promising is a matter of opinion only, and we still prefer our own. The Chinese Railway bonds are a fair investment.

S.A.G.—We never deal with politics in this column. Personally we sympathise with your opinion.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Chester Cup will be won by St. Ollalia. For other races at Chester I like the following: City Plate, Ambrose; Badminton Plate, Dik-Dik; Dee Stand Plate, Pastry; Stewards' Plate, Call Bird; Prince of Wales's Welter, Pieman; Stamford Plate, Ute; Combermere Handicap, Standen; Great Cheshire Handicap, Snatch; Dee Stakes, Morena; Earl of Chester's Welter, Ben-a-Beg. At Harpenden, I like Newgrange for the Hertfordshire Handicap, and Scythe for the Town Handicap. The Jubilee Stakes at Kempton may go to Malua. For other races I fancy these: Stewards' Handicap, Snowflight; Manor Handicap, Hammurabi; Spring Two-Year-Old Plate, Saints Mead; River Handicap, Sheelah; Trial Handicap, Mitral; Shepperton Handicap, Dorrie; Auction Plate, Sunrise.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Girl Who Couldn't Lie." By Kéble Howard. (Eveleigh Nash.)—"Raw Edges." By Perceval Landon. (Heinemann.)—"The Lady in the Car." By William Le Queux. (Nash.)

MR. KEBLE HOWARD strengthens an opinion we have held since our First Reader days that Washington (George, cherry-tree cutter) was for a time a "demned (though, possibly, not moist) unpleasant body." For this we are grateful to him, as for his manner of proving the tender age at which we attained years of discretion. "The Girl Who Couldn't Lie" was not an American; she did not wield a little axe; she was in the second, not the first, decade of her career; otherwise she was well fitted to rival the greatest of the Washingtons, of Westmoreland County, Virginia. "Father, I cannot tell a lie," said George briefly, being of the sterner sex. "I have decided to speak the literal truth, and nothing but the literal truth, for the remainder of my life," was Pauline's ultimatum, delivered in good, round, witness-box phraseology. Wordsworth put her up to it (may the slang be forgiven). "And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live," she read, and then and there the Great Idea was born—

This should be her mission! She would live in the light of truth! She would tear the mask of cant from the face of the world! She would slay that hydra-headed pest of Society euphemistically known as the White Lie! Alone, yet undaunted, she would take her stand against the petty, timid convention of Common Politeness. Even those nearest and dearest to her should not be spared! So she began her campaign, but, like yet another tiresome youth—he of the banner with the strange device—she found that "Excelsior," cried too frequently, jars both upon the one who repeats the word and upon those who listen to its repetition. The first victims of her candour were her sister Ethel and her brother-in-law, with whom she was staying; then came the members of her family, one by one and two by two; the only Basil, her fiancé; rich Uncle Peter; an assortment of Sewing Sisters; employers, various; paying guests, sundry; boarding-house keepers, one; Suffragettes, a party. That was her bag. She paid for it in the generous annoyance of everyone concerned, and in purse, until at last, a prodigious daughter, she took herself to her father, expressed penitence, received the fatted calf in the form of a glass of claret, and gave her sister Arabella an opportunity to retaliate for home truths received—

"Basil dear," said Mrs. Huegall, "won't you sing us something? I'm sure Pauline would like to hear you."

The young man, whose wounds were not yet fully healed, glanced doubtfully at the lady of his heart.

"I should love it," said Pauline eagerly.

"Liar!" muttered Arabella to her fancy-work.

"Raw Edges" should do much to lessen the undoubted prejudice against volumes of short stories. It is difficult to believe that anyone picking up the work in the belief that it is a novel will regret the accidental choice, or will cavil at the fare offered them. Mr. Landon himself is over-modest in his Preface. "Short stories have but one recommendation," he writes; "sometimes they catch a mood that is bound to pass before a novel is read through. The best of them may hold its interest for an hour. If there is any good in these tales at all it is that they have been written from a point of view from which other men also have looked. For the rest, if they vary the outlook through the window of a railway-carriage upon the woods and fields drifting by, they will have done as much as most." He might, without fear, have been far less diffident. "Raw Edges," tragic as most of them are, not a little gruesome as many of them are, realistic as all of them are, are quite as likely to create a mood as to catch one; will certainly hold their interest for much more than an hour; and if read in a railway-carriage will not permit the reader to look through the window at all.

On the other hand, the ten or eleven stories in "The Lady in the Car" are better fitted to the monthly magazine than to cloth boards; doubtless, indeed, they have already been published serially, and received favourably. In volume form they suffer, in company with much mechanical-man fiction, from a certain "sameness." Nor can it be said that the doings of the mechanical-man of this particular set of stories were exceedingly new or exciting. Following convention, he had quite a number of names: he was his Highness Prince Albert of Hesse-Holstein, Charles Fotheringham, Henry Tremlett, Richard Drummond, Lord Nassington, and others. And "he would kiss a woman one moment, and rifle her jewel-case the next, so utterly unscrupulous was he. He was assuredly a perfect type of the well-bred audacious young adventurer." Need it be said that his princely title was of most value to him, that he used it to the full, and that many were gulled? Scarcely. But it must be said that the said princely title actually existed, was to be found in the Almanach de Gotha and elsewhere, together with many details as to its owner, and that, despite this, the impostor used it as freely as he pleased without being found out. Possibly his Boswell was of value in the matter: he is discretion itself (for reasons that are obvious)—

I happen, as an intimate friend of his Highness, to know his whereabouts at the present moment, and also the snug and unsuspected hiding-places of his four accomplices. But to reveal them would most certainly put my personal friends at New Scotland Yard upon their track. As a matter of fact, I am pledged to absolute secrecy. If I were not, my old college chum would never have dared to furnish me with the details of these stirring adventures of a romantic life of daring and subterfuge.



SKIN LOVELINESS.

The texture of the skin depends upon the care bestowed upon it. If neglected, its natural softness passes away; whereas if proper means of preservation be adopted the charm and attraction of a beautiful complexion will remain. To ensure this there is nothing like the daily use of

Pears' Soap

which is distinctly and emphatically a soap for improving and beautifying the skin.

Over and above its perfect cleansing properties, it possesses those special emollient qualities which establish in the only natural way—the way of hygienic action

A Matchless Complexion.

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